

MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

HOW HARRY CASSIDY
PREPARED FOR DEATH

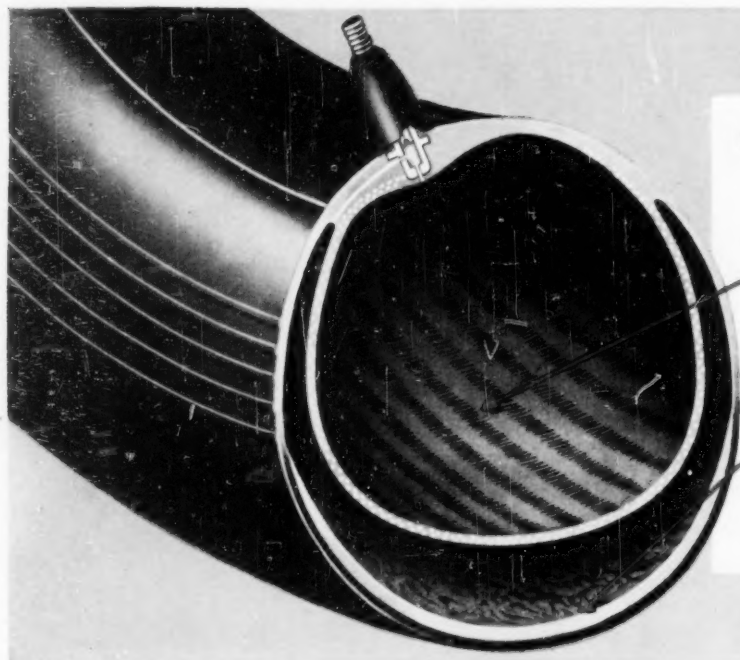
FLASHBACK: FATHER COUGHLIN

Page 10: An Article
That Could Save Your Life



New LifeGuard Safety Tube Gives Proved Protection!

BLOWOUT SAFE! PUNCTURE SAFE!



Only the LifeGuard principle gives you positive safety in any blowout!

- 1 **BLOWOUT-SAFE!** Experience has shown that only the double air chamber principle gives you positive safety in a blowout emergency! If outer chamber blows out, LifeGuard inner chamber still holds air—enough air to allow you to come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop.
- 2 **PUNCTURE-SAFE!** Goodyear puncture-sealant (a layer of gum rubber) flows into hole, seals puncture without loss of air.
- 3 **RE-USABLE!** New LifeGuard Safety Tube can be removed and used in at least three sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more of blowout safe, puncture-safe driving!

The only 100,000 mile —re-usable protection!

Now Goodyear brings you the New LifeGuard Safety Tube.

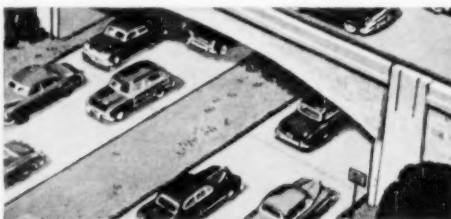
This great new Goodyear development gives you not just partial protection, but actually makes a blowout harmless and prevents puncture flats! (Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives positive protection against road-hazard blowouts.)

Besides giving you positive protection from punctures and blowout dangers, the LifeGuard saves you money. It's re-usable—the only blowout and puncture protection that doesn't wear out when your tire wears out!

Figure the savings yourself! You need to buy a set of LifeGuard Safety Tubes only once in 100,000 or more miles! You spread the cost over 3 or more sets of tires.

You can be puncture-safe and blowout-

safe today! Have your Goodyear Dealer equip your present tires with new LifeGuard Safety Tubes. See him right away and get the complete story of the puncture-safe, blowout-safe LifeGuard. *It's the kind of practical protection every motorist can afford!*



THE ONLY MULTI-MILLION MILE PROVED PROTECTION!

In 17 years, we know of no case of failure of a Goodyear LifeGuard Safety Tube in a blowout. And the NEW LifeGuard gives you the added protection of being puncture-safe because it seals its own punctures!



YOU CAN HAVE LIFEGUARDS INSTALLED IN YOUR PRESENT TIRES, TOO!

You can end the danger of blowouts and flat tires today! If your present tires are still good, get your Goodyear dealer to equip them with new LifeGuard Safety Tubes. You can use them in at least 3 sets of tires!

NEW LIFE^{*}GUARD SAFETY TUBES

by **GOOD YEAR**

*LIFEGUARD, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada Ltd.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 1, 1952

E!

one good reason
for saving...now



You may want a new wheelbarrow, or a home in the country.
It may be that your dreams take a different direction entirely . . .
But most of the things we want, big or small, must be *saved* for.
When you open a special savings account at the Royal Bank you
know you are really on your way toward *your* pet project.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

EDITORIAL

WHY ARE WE AFRAID TO GROW?

WE'RE NOT sure of the precise tone in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier uttered his famous phrase: "The twentieth century belongs to Canada." We like to think there was no smugness in his voice; rather that it was touched with the wonder and gratitude with which a good man contemplates the goodness of providence.

It is in a vastly different tone that many of Sir Wilfrid's countrymen repeat his words today. Often they sound like a small, well-fed and frightened terrier growling over a bone that is too big to eat or hide and too juicy to share with the hungry Airedale down the street.

The true measure of our national imagination—the measure of our belief in Canada's capacity to play a better and more fruitful part in a better and more fruitful world—will be, for many years to come, the measure of our willingness to grow and to accept the risks of growth along with its rewards. In no field are we so ready for growth as in population. In none are the rewards so apparent, in none the risks so meagre. Yet we are still burdened by the dismal hope that we can somehow cash in on the rewards while avoiding almost every element of risk.

After gradually overcoming its early postwar caution Ottawa recently put the brakes on immigration again. The new and temporary regulations virtually slammed the door on all new settlers except those from the United Kingdom,

France and the United States. The new policy will reduce the immigrant intake for this year by fifty thousand.

There has been no lack of justification for the policy. It is precisely the kind of justification that might be expected from a timid and race-conscious bookkeeper: the current restrictions will arrest the disruption of our traditional ethnic structure, reduce the dangers of temporary unemployment and help to hold the line on housing. These are all excellent arguments to a bookkeeper. To a nation seriously interested in inheriting a century and halfway through the century with fewer than fifteen million inhabitants they're just plain silly.

In fairness to the officials who frame our government policies their attitude only reflects the attitude of large numbers of their constituents. The Trades and Labor Congress recently passed a resolution which, although vague about the details, strongly suggested this important union group would favor not more but fewer immigrants. The desire of the Canadian worker to protect his job is natural and understandable. But surely in the long run the best way to do that is to create more and better jobs, which means creating larger and better markets. Canada's marketing position will always remain ominously vulnerable until we can create a much stronger domestic market.

We'll never do that by standing guard over a bone we can't quite get our jaws around.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

MAYBE you remember an article we ran awhile back called I'm The Luckiest Guy Alive. The author, Ray Silver, comes up with a different kind of piece on pages 14-15. Silver works for a Toronto ad agency and hopes to move soon to the country. . . We welcome back Frank Croft (pages 18-19) this issue, a former staffer on the



Ray Silver

prewar Maclean's who lives in Collingwood, Ont., on Georgian Bay. Croft says it's inevitable he should write about moving: "We've followed our collection of heirloom furniture in 12 different vans in as many years of marriage." . . . Sidney Katz was a personal friend of Dr. Harry Cassidy whose last days form the subject matter of the inspiring story on page 7. . . That's the CBC Wednesday Night James Bannerman writing about Father Coughlin on page 12. . . After interview-

ing a lion as his last Toronto assignment our McKenzie Porter moved to Montreal where he'll be doing regular pieces from French Canada. . . Edna Staebler, who won a Women's Press Club award for a Maclean's piece not long ago, writes about her home towns of Kitchener and Waterloo on pages 16 and 17. . . Barry Mather (What Every Bridegroom Should Know, page 23) is front-page humor columnist for the Vancouver Sun. . . Artist Rex Woods used a champion Clydesdale mare and foal as cover models this issue.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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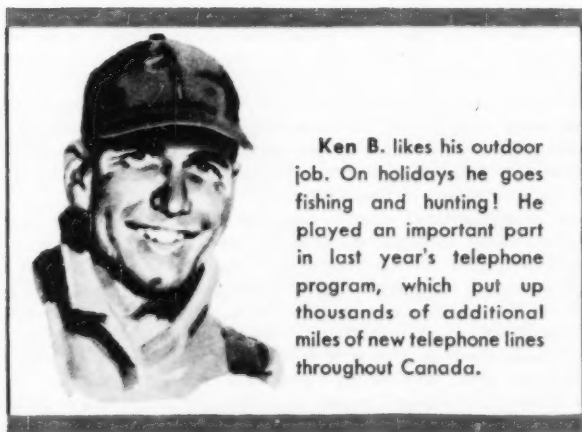
New twist on post hole digging...

They drill for service, not oil, these new power-driven diggers. They're making it easier, faster, for Canada's seven major telephone organizations to meet the nation's ever-increasing telephone requirements. Working as a smooth team — known as the Trans-Canada Telephone System — these seven companies form a dependable web-work of circuits — spinning your voice across Canada with the speed of light, for as little as \$3.95, Halifax to Vancouver!

TRANS-CANADA



TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Ken B. likes his outdoor job. On holidays he goes fishing and hunting! He played an important part in last year's telephone program, which put up thousands of additional miles of new telephone lines throughout Canada.

UNITED TO SERVE CANADA
MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM
SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES
ALBERTA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES
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ALEX TAYLOR

NOT THIS WAY...



OR THIS WAY....



BUT THIS WAY....



"The Bottle Bacillus", scientifically known as "P. ovale", is one of the germs associated with dandruff.

to really fight
DANDRUFF!

Don't be a chump. While you may expect some help from soap and water or shampoos, don't overlook the fact that the tested way to get after dandruff is with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

You see, dandruff should be treated with real germ-killing action.

That is why, at the first sign of flakes, scales and itching, you should douse on full-strength Listerine Antiseptic and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

On the hair and scalp, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

Almost at once you see ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels gloriously clean and healthy. Your hair resumes its normal appearance.

If dandruff has a "head-start" you will want to keep after it systematically with Listerine Antiseptic.

In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

At the first symptom... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!**

P. S. Fight Tooth Decay with the new Listerine Tooth Paste—It's Clean and Fresh!

Made in Canada

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



WE WELCOME MR. GROMYKO

THE ELEGANT Golden Arrow train snorted its way into Victoria Station and came to a full stop. Out of a Pullman club car stepped a serious-looking man of middle age who was duly greeted by two Englishmen in dark jackets and striped trousers—the established uniform of Whitehall.

The visitor was Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the new Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The welcoming committee of two were Mr. Hohler, the head of the Northern Department of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, principal private secretary to Mr. Anthony Eden.

Mr. Eden was detained at the House of Commons and unfortunately could not go to the station. As we were debating Scottish affairs in parliament at the time Mr. Eden no doubt felt that his presence was essential at Westminster. These foreigners north of the border have to be watched!

However, the two civil servants were not the only citizens who turned up to meet the new Ambassador. Quite a large crowd had gathered, and as soon as Mr. Gromyko had set foot upon the platform he said: "I am very glad to be in this country and would like to see the strengthening of the understanding between the British people..."

Whereupon some silly young men in the crowd shouted: "Go home Gromyko! Go home!"

The Ambassador waited until they were silent and then concluded his sentence: "... and the people of the Soviet Union, especially now there are many important things which must be solved."

Whereupon he bowed. So did the two civil servants. "Go home Gromyko!" shouted the silly young men. An escort of police arrived and took the Ambassador to a waiting car which whisked him off to the Russian Embassy in Millionaires' Row, Kensington.

Thus begins the fateful ambassadorship of Andrei Gromyko, former Deputy Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia. He had been welcomed, he had been told to go home, and he had the strange experience of reading in the papers next day that one of the fool sh young men at the station was fined five pounds in the police court.

Not long before his arrival I received a formal invitation to attend the Liberation Day reception at the Polish Embassy. Liberation Day... when was that? Could it be when Russia stabbed Poland in the back when she was fighting desperately against Hitler's blitzkrieg? Was it perhaps the time near the end of the war when the Warsaw Resistance Movement rose against the Nazis and were slaughtered in their thousands while Russia at the gates would not move a single soldier to help? Or was it to celebrate the day when poor unhappy Poland exchanged the overlordship of the Nazis for the gentlemen in the Kremlin?

With some misgivings I went to the celebration and found it packed with people, mostly idealists, enthusiasts, and crackpots of the Left. If you were prepared for a struggle you could reach the vodka and caviar and, en route, there were Polish officers in Russianized uniforms.

Not even the politeness expected from a guest could make me describe the affair as a merry one. This was the embassy of one of Russia's satellites where the writ of the Kremlin prevails, and the whole affair was more notable for those who had not come than those who were there. Yet I found myself wondering whether brave Poland, with her long memory, hates Russia even more than she hated Germany. It would be hard to say. Perhaps the result would be a draw.

However, I duly encountered a Russian diplomat whom I had met a year ago at the Soviet Embassy and after an exchange of greetings I asked him to come some day to the House of Commons for lunch. His eyes narrowed and his voice was so hushed that I could hardly hear him. He looked at me with suspicion glinting from both his eyes. Yet between the glints there was

Continued on page 34



Andrei Gromyko



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Are We Really Helping Britain?

IT LOOKS as if the conference of Commonwealth prime ministers in November might provide a major issue for the Canadian election in 1953.

George Drew in recent speeches has been hammering at Canada's "loss of the British market." Even in Quebec, where Commonwealth talk is regarded as bad politics, Drew talks Commonwealth trade. "This isn't sentiment," he says, "this is business."

There is nothing new in Britain's financial plight—just the usual shortage of dollars. Neither is there anything new in the Canadian Government's attitude. Ever since midsummer Finance Department advisers have been polishing tactful statements for the November conference; most of them boil down to "Sorry, but this is your problem, not ours."

Doug Abbott doesn't believe it can be solved by anything short of drastic changes in British internal policy. He thinks Britain can't afford the food subsidies, rental subsidies and cheap money which, in spite of some changes in the Conservative budget, are still costing hundreds of millions of pounds and contributing to inflation. He knows it's ungracious for Canada, so lucky and rich, to read moral lectures to poor hard-pressed Britain, and he is determined that any suggestions for cure must come from Britain. Canada will take no initiative. There is no indication that Prime Minister St. Laurent disagrees with his Minister of Finance.

Liberals would like nothing better than a Progressive Conservative campaign for more dollar aid to

Britain, or (even better) for more "Imperial preference" in tariff policy. However, this isn't what George Drew has in mind.

He hasn't spelled out his own policy except to urge a "positive" rather than "negative" attitude toward the sterling area's troubles. Drew seems to feel, though, that Canada isn't making enough use of her very strong position in relation to the United States. Canada needs no direct aid; on the contrary, Canada has the resources of raw material of which the United States is now running short. Instead of being a virtual spokesman for the United States at a Commonwealth conference why doesn't Canada do more talking for the Commonwealth to the United States? As the only country in the world with tangible benefits to offer the U. S., instead of the other way round, Canada might play a major role in working out schemes to make the dollar and the pound mutually convertible again.

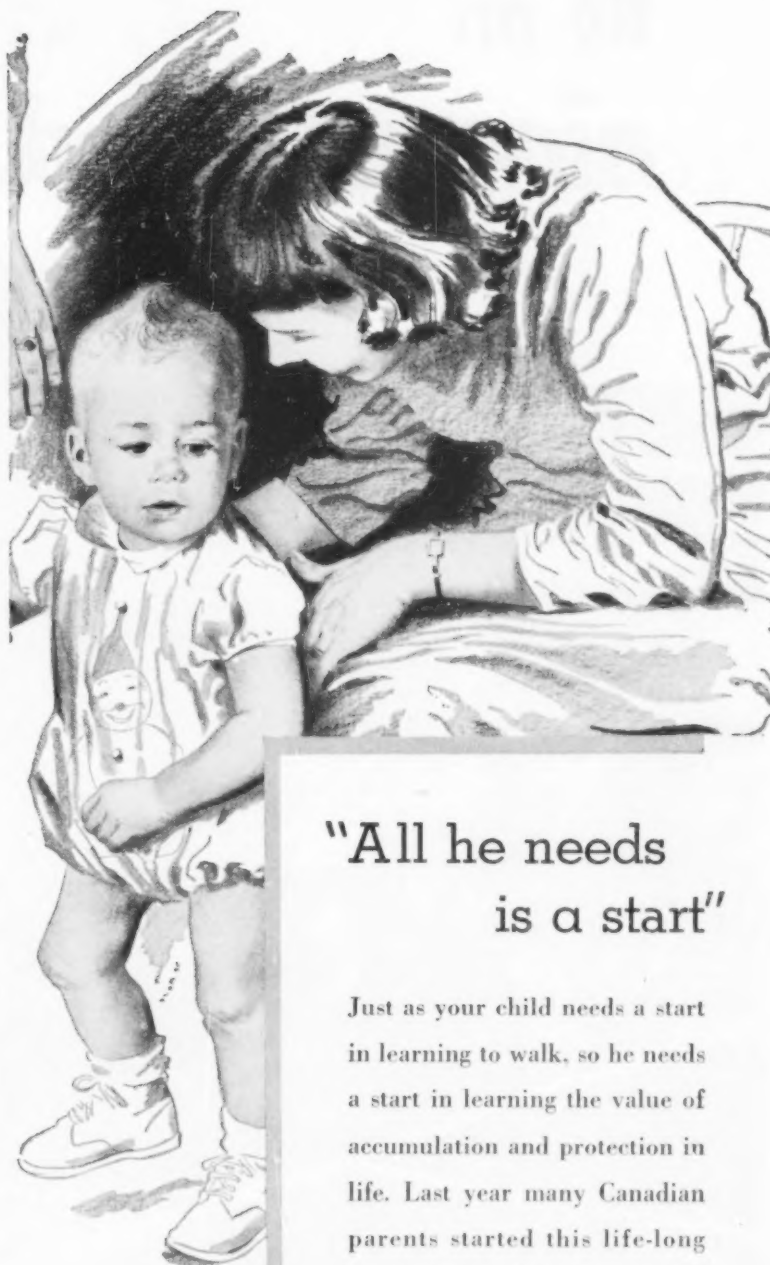
Conservatives will go no farther than that in hinting what their trade platform for 1953 might be, but they say they'll have an "explicit" policy to set forth when the time comes. Presumably they'll get any help they want from the British Treasury economists.

• • •

IF YOU BUY a television set in the United States, better make sure its screen is less than fourteen inches square. On the small sets you'll be allowed your one-hundred-dollar exemption from duty, but if the screen is fourteen inches or bigger you'll have to pay the full rate. Reason: *Continued on page 54*



Canada's in a strong position to talk turkey to the U. S.



"All he needs
is a start"

Just as your child needs a start in learning to walk, so he needs a start in learning the value of accumulation and protection in life. Last year many Canadian parents started this life-long lesson through confidence in Canada Life. Why not see your Canada Life man and do likewise?



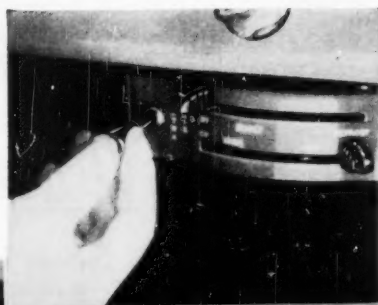
LAST YEAR, 66% OF ALL CHILDREN'S POLICIES WERE FOR CHILDREN AGES 4 AND UNDER



plan your future with confidence in
The CANADA LIFE
Assurance Company

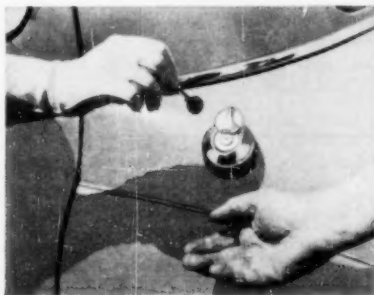
it's an air-conditioned beauty

Summer or winter, you enjoy the air-conditioned comfort of the finely appointed new Austin.



....and a
budget-balancing
wonder!

No scuffing, no soiling the leather-covered upholstery on the new Austin's front and back seats.



You needn't unlock this gas cap very often because the new Austin s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s your miles per gallon.



An unobstructed view of the road is yours through the wide one-piece, curved windshield on the new Austin.

Wherever you go . . . you'll see

Austin

the ideal answer to the mounting high cost of motoring

THE LAST DAYS OF HARRY CASSIDY



This portrait of Dr. Cassidy was painted in his room in Toronto General Hospital during the final dramatic days of his life.

DR. CASSIDY KNEW HE WOULD DIE WITHIN THREE WEEKS.
HERE IS THE REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF HOW A REMARKABLE MAN TIED TOGETHER
THE LOOSE ENDS OF HIS LIFE.
IT'S A STORY YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO FORGET

By SIDNEY KATZ

PAINTING BY CHARLES COMFORT, RCA

EARLY ON Friday morning, Nov. 2, 1951, just as day was about to break, Dr. Harry M. Cassidy, alone in his room on the fifth floor of the Toronto General Hospital, died quietly in his sleep.

His death was not unexpected. For three weeks he had known almost to the day when he would die. A cancerous growth was spreading throughout his body. He was beyond the help of medicine or surgery.

How Harry Cassidy spent the last twenty-three days of his life adds up to an amazing story of courage and selflessness. At some future day each of us, alone, must face in his mind the same crisis that he faced. His example provides strong and comforting testimony that man is capable of great fortitude when faced with a situation that demands it.

In his hospital room on Wednesday morning, Oct. 10, his doctors told him death was imminent. He accepted his fate without fear or complaint, remarking only, "There is less time than I thought." Then he set to work for the final "clearing of his desk."

As Canada's outstanding authority in the field of social welfare, all his life he had made plans, years ahead, for the betterment of others. Now he had to plan for his family and his work after he was dead. With the help of his wife, Bea, he drew up a schedule for the final days—so many hours for reading, working, sleeping and seeing relatives, friends and professional colleagues.

As a father and husband he first thought of those who were nearest to him. Long and precious hours were spent in intimate talk with his family, both individually and collectively—Bea, Norah, 24, Jane, 20, and Michael, 14. Their talks touched every phase of living—finances, religion, choice of a vocation and values in life. Recalling these last days Bea Cassidy says, "It was the richest period of our lives." Jane, a McMaster University student, recalls, "He wasn't thinking of himself but of us all and how we would live through the weeks, months and years ahead. It was his way of giving us strength."

Continued on page 40

She Leads The Housewives' C

Dorothy Walton, once the world's best badminton player, is fast becoming our best-known housewife as she spearheads half a million women in a campaign to make shopping easier, cheaper and better



Her sport trophies before her, the CAC chief studies business mail in her Oakville home.

By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

HOUSEWIVES of Saint John, N.B., suspected their bakers of swindling them on the size of their loaves of bread; Quebec women were indignant at the red-and-white-striped wrapper which conceals the true personality of bacon; a long-limbed girl in Vancouver wondered why hosiery manufacturers didn't print the leg length as well as the foot length on stockings.

Normally these complaints would have resounded against the closed ears of home-coming husbands, a breed much given to receiving such laments by

rattling their newspapers and enquiring how dinner is progressing. In the past few years, however, the girls have found a solution. Dusting off such grammar-school adages as "United we stand, divided we fall!", "In unity is strength!" and "All for one and one for all!" they have formed a Canadian Association of Consumers which brings about plain wrappers on bacon, leg lengths marked on stockings and twenty-four-ounce bread that weighs twenty-four ounces.

These achievements make Mrs. W. R. Walton, the president of Canadian Association of Con-

sumers, the No. 1 housewife in the land. Mrs. Walton, known internationally as Dorothy Walton in the prewar days when she was world badminton champion, is a strong supple forty-three-year-old who is fitted to represent Canadian housewifery by her experience as a debater, economist, athlete, farmer, dog-owner and mother. It also helps that she was once a champion javelin thrower.

In the affairs of the bacon, bread and stockings, Dorothy Walton and the CAC swished their weight—approximately a half million women—like a well-mannered blackjack. Mrs. Walton consulted hosiery manufacturers and suggested amicably that leg length be included in the size label. All but one manufacturer replied that it certainly was a fine day; the exception informed Mrs. Walton that his brand already stated leg length. The next bulletin the CAC mailed its members contained the name of the single obliging manufacturer. Seven more hosiery companies rapidly added leg lengths to their labels.

When protests about the camouflaging red-and-white paper on packaged bacon mounted up, Mrs. Walton selected Strathmore, Que., to test CAC strength. For a month every member of the CAC in Strathmore insisted her butcher unwrap such disguised bacon before she would buy it. The offending packing companies, stung by the howls of their retailers in Strathmore, called a meeting with Mrs. Walton, but even before the meeting bacon began to emerge with its true fat content laid bare under plain cellophane.

The CAC in Saint John bought eighteen loaves of bread at different points in the city and asked the federal inspector to weigh them. He discovered the majority weighed only twenty ounces, instead of twenty-four, got up off his hands and enforced the regulations.

Because it is no girlish giggling baboon, the Canadian Association of Consumers has come gradually to be regarded as a living, breathing, walking public pulse. In the past two years that Mrs. Walton has been president she has addressed more than fifty annual meetings of business and manufacturers. From the vantage point of the

She prepares tomatoes for market in between jousts with tycoons and cabinet ministers.



Crusade

Always on the job Dorothy checks packaged soap in a supermarket for price and weight. ▶

tycoon's head table she tells industry how to make better friends with the power that does eighty-five percent of the country's spending: the little woman.

She once told a meat-packers' association that its public relations "stunk." "You print your financial statement in the paper and the average consumer looks at it and sees a surplus of three million dollars," she said. "That makes a dandy impression on the woman who buys your bacon."

One company sought Dorothy out later and showed her a financial statement in the form of a news story which explained that the three-million-dollar surplus was split up among thousands of small stockholders. "How's this?" they asked proudly. "We've taken your advice." Mrs. Walton regarded it with distaste. "It's awful," she replied. "Now you're just apologizing because you didn't show a loss. Why don't you draw a big pie and show that eighty cents of your dollar goes to the farmer, twelve on salaries, so much on maintenance and only point seven cents goes to dividends." The advertisement was the most successful the packing company has ever run.

Another time the hosiery trade showed Mrs. Walton an eight-page booklet it had prepared on the care of nylon hosiery. "Women will never have time to read that," said Mrs. Walton, giving it a glance. "You'll have to put it into two pages."

Because her advice is so sound Dorothy Walton is in greater demand than a chorus girl at a prom. In the past eighteen months she has addressed about ten thousand people, at gatherings which include the Canadian Wholesale Grocery Association in Montreal, Swift Current Kiwanis, Ontario Dry Cleaners Institutes, National Garment Manufacturers, Quebec City Chamber of Commerce, Moncton CAC, Niagara Peninsula Fruit Growers, International Macaroni Association and the Brampton United Church Women's Association.

Once she arrived in Winnipeg at four in the morning, gave a broadcast at ten, attended a luncheon and addressed the Canadian Club at two, had tea with the lieutenant-governor's wife, addressed a dinner of the Business and Professional Women's Club, addressed an IODE meeting at eight and spent the rest of the evening renewing acquaintance with old friends.

While Dorothy Walton undoubtedly is one of the country's leading clubwomen—she is also a national vice-president of the IODE—she bears no resemblance whatsoever to the beaded and gurgling vacuum-brained creature a clubwoman is imagined to be. Mrs. Walton is trim, brainy and possessed of a gusty humor. She has pitched manure and shaken hands with royalty; she and her husband and son built the farmer's cottage on their property in Oakville, near Toronto, during the same period she was wringing one hundred and five thousand dollars out of Canadian women to purchase Queen Mary's carpet. When she and her husband decided to bicycle from Montreal to Toronto one summer they combined the thrill of the open road with the style to which they are accustomed—reserving suites in the finest hotels along the route and sipping their beverages from sterling silver flasks.

Dorothy Walton therefore is uniquely suited to lead her be-aproned cohorts in the Canadian Association of Consumers in a ladylike but lethal warfare against carelessness, fraud, ennui and ignorance in high places. Spawned almost five years ago at a gabby meeting of fifty-six women presidents of national organizations, the association

is supposed to act as a two-way channel to inform housewives of the activities of industry and government that will affect their shopping and to inform industry and government of what housewives need in their business, from long-handled measuring spoons to legislation.

The CAC emerged after the war when national women's clubs which had been working together and receiving information bulletins from the Consumer Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board began to miss these advantages. The National Council of Women took a survey which indicated that more than eighty percent of the women of the country approved of the idea of some national organization to unite them.

The government was dunned for a donation by a brief-laden delegation, which included Dorothy Walton, and contributed fifteen thousand dollars

to pay railway expenses to Ottawa for representatives of fifty-six national organizations. What followed was a sight to live long in the memory of mortal man: The presidents of the Liberal, Progressive-Conservative and CCF women's groups clicked tea cups, the elegant tones of the national president of the IODE mingled with the strident bellows of a Communist (who later dropped out of the organization), the presidents of the Hadassah, United Church Women's Association and the Catholic Women's League exchanged compliments with the bright-eyed *madame la présidente* of *Fédération Nationale St. Jean-Baptiste*, the Salvation Army leader tipped her bonnet to the gleaming coiffure of the president of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs of Canada. Ottawa held its breath, but the women emerged with a

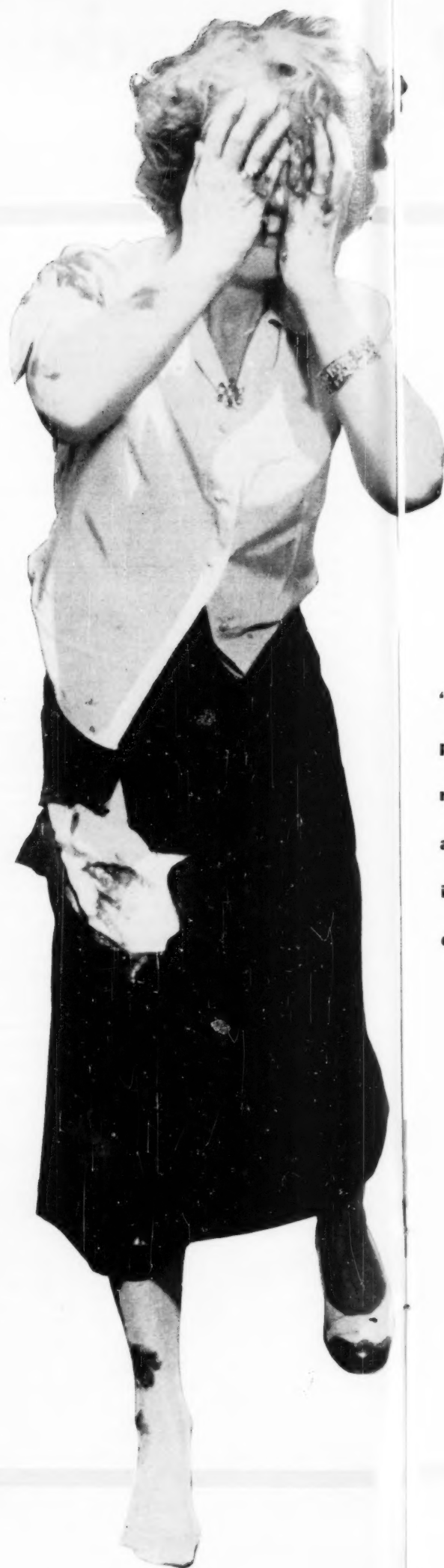
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THIS ARTICLE COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE

HOW TO LIVE THROUGH A CRASH

Statistics say you'll probably have a highway accident. Do you know what to do when it comes? Here's how to escape with bruises instead of a crushed skull



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By FRED BODSWORTH

WHILE you read this article two people will be killed in Canadian and U. S. automobile crashes. In the next twelve months ten thousand Canadian automobile passengers and drivers will be killed or permanently crippled. Yet while this grisly toll is taken professional stunt drivers will continue to roll cars over and wreck them in head-on crashes for grandstand crowds and rarely suffer more than bruises.

You, too, could climb unscathed out of a demolished car. Safety experts, backed up by experienced stunt drivers, estimate that seventy-five to ninety percent of auto fatalities could be prevented by the addition of about ten dollars' worth of equipment to every car and a bit of education in the stunt-driver techniques of how to have an accident without killing yourself.

This has nothing to do with accident prevention—it's accident survival. Cars could keep right on smashing head-on, rolling over in ditches, flattening themselves against trees. The only change would be that at least seven out of ten who now die could live.

Our approach to the problem of traffic deaths and injuries has been peculiarly lopsided. Police and safety experts have directed all their attention to accident prevention. But as long as we drive cars there *will* be accidents. We've been told plenty about avoiding accidents, but no one has given advice on how to *have* an accident and live.

Several years ago in St. Thomas, Ont., I saw two cars collide head-on. The cars were not extensively damaged—one had practically stopped, the other driver had braked down to twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. But a Michigan woman in the front seat of the moving car died of a fractured skull suffered when she was thrown forward against the instrument panel.

On the other hand, Ted Gilbert, a veteran jalopy jockey who drives a souped-up car in twice-a-week stock car races at Toronto's Exhibition Grounds, got in a tangle on a curve not long ago and was struck by another jalopy at a speed not much under fifty. Gilbert's car was lifted off the ground and tossed ten feet. Gilbert was rushed to hospital but went home on a stretcher two hours later. His only injuries were a four-inch bruise on his side and a wrenched shoulder.

Why did the Michigan woman die in a twenty-mile-an-hour crash while Gilbert came through a fifty-mile-an-hour impact with only bruises?

It wasn't luck.

Gilbert survived because he was strapped to his seat with an aircraft-type safety belt. Stunt drivers and racers have known for years that you can smash a car with virtual impunity as long as you can protect your head and body from the sledge hammer blows of being tossed around inside.

"Rarely is the passenger compartment of a car smashed in so badly that people couldn't survive if they were held by safety belts," says Arthur H. Rowan, of the accident recording division, Ontario Department of Highways.

Safety belts have not become widely used in automobiles simply because few motorists understand their function and value. The minor inconvenience of fastening them is far outweighed by the life-saving protection they give. Safety belts permit you and your passengers to *wear* your car as though it were a suit of armor. In a crash they turn the crumpling metal of your car's body into a cushion.

But, even ignoring safety belts, there is still plenty the average motorist can and should learn about how to have an accident. Safety experts, truck fleet bosses, police, emergency ward doctors, pilots and stunt drivers know that the lethal factor in most highway crashes isn't the crash itself but

the manner in which drivers and passengers meet it.

The first lesson in accident survival is an understanding that accident causes and injury causes are not the same thing. Because of our preoccupation with accident causes and their prevention there has been little research until recently on the causes of injuries *in* accidents.

Often where one person is killed outright in a crash others will clamber from the same car virtually unharmed. Experts say this is proof that severity of the impact itself is a secondary factor in determining whether those involved shall live or die. Indiana state police recently found that sixty-six percent of accidents in which fatalities occur could be classed as survivable. The report summed up: "The force present in many traffic accidents, now fatal, is well within the physiological limits of survival."

Hugh de Haven, director of a crash injury research project at Cornell University medical college, New York City, reports: "Many crash deaths have been needless. We have failed to put to use plain facts about crash safety. We have gone from horses to horsepower, and from miles an hour to miles a minute, with a complacent acceptance of injury as a normal crash result."

One misconception is the belief that cars of more solid construction would reduce accident injuries. Cars could be constructed so solidly that they could hit a stone wall without displacing a single nut, but drivers would kill themselves faster than ever. When a car's bumper, grill, radiator, chassis and fenders fold up in a head-on crash they are actually providing a cushion of yielding steel up to three feet deep. The car doesn't stop abruptly; it takes two or three feet in which to stop. From the standpoint of passenger survival there is a big difference between decelerating from forty miles an hour to a standstill in three feet, and doing it in nothing flat.

But only racers and stunt men take advantage of this. The rest of us, when a crash comes, are sitting loosely inside the car like marbles in a matchbox. The car stops in three feet, but persons inside keep right on traveling at the original speed until they strike something within the car. If you can slow down *with* the car you stand a good chance of surviving. The killer is usually that hundredth-of-a-second gap between the time the car stops and passengers inside it stop.

An adult head weighs as much as a ten-pound sledge hammer and it packs the same energy when propelled forward at fifty miles an hour. If it strikes a surface that will dent or yield like the soft ductile metal of some modern dashboards and the force is absorbed by a large area of the head, the skull can usually withstand a blow at this velocity. But if the impact is localized by an instrument button or a sharp corner, fatal skull fracture and concussion can occur at velocities as low as twelve miles an hour. Oddly, a surface can be too soft to protect the skull adequately. A rubber pad will yield suddenly without materially slowing down movement, permitting the skull to come up solidly against whatever is behind. Many crash injury researchers scoff at sponge-rubber padding on some dashboards. At average crash velocity, they say, an inch of sponge rubber offers the protection roughly of a piece of paper unless it has yielding metal beneath. Soft metal, however, will shape itself around the head and start checking the skull's velocity at the first instant of impact.

A Detroit doctor's study showed that skull and brain injuries caused sixty-seven percent of accident deaths. A Virginia doctor grouped accident injuries in this order of frequency and seriousness: head injuries, usually suffered by front-seat passengers striking

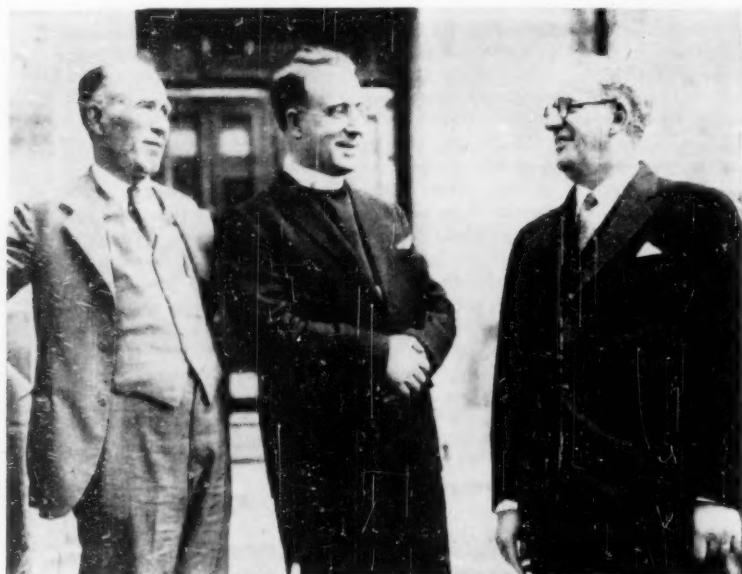
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"We have failed to put to use the plain facts about crash safety," research scientists say. In most accidents the wife or girl friend in the "death seat" — next to the driver — is in greatest danger.

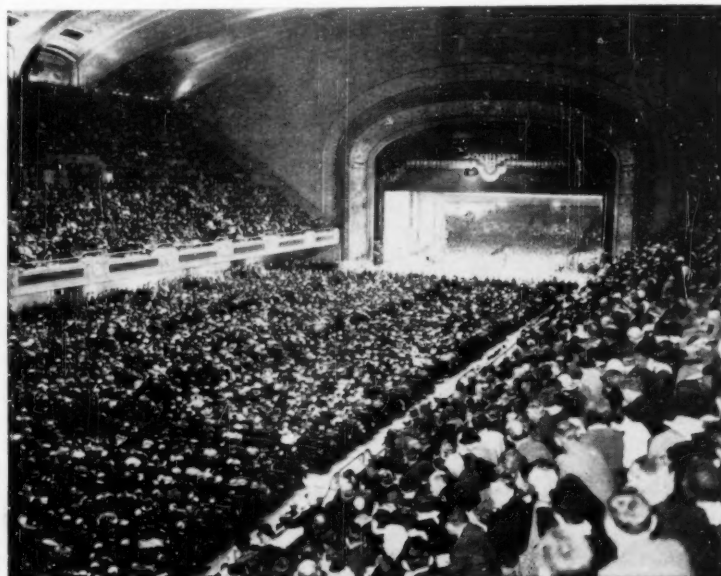
The Radio Priest of the Thirties held millions spellbound. He even ran his own man for president. He followed the Nazi line. But the Nazi war silenced him. Whatever became of

FATHER

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



Coughlin, centre, strongly endorsed Union Party candidate William Lemke, left, and Veep candidate T. C. O'Brien. New party flopped.



In Cleveland Public Auditorium, twenty-six thousand persons heard Coughlin's oratory. Here he assailed U. S. banking system.

By JAMES BANNERMAN

ONE DAY in the spring of 1898 the children of St. Mary's School in Hamilton, Ont., were giving their annual concert. Three little boys had recited verses about what they were going to be when they grew up. A fourth little boy spoke his piece—he was going to be a stonemason—got a polite round of applause. But instead of running off the moment he finished, as the others had done, he stood there happily and went on bowing.

Father Coughlin, the famous Radio Priest of the 1930s, then seven years old and known simply as Tom Coughlin's kid Charlie, had made his first public appearance.

It began quietly in 1926, with a series of innocuous sermons broadcast over a single Detroit radio station. But by 1932 an estimated thirty to forty million people listened to his Sunday radio talks from the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Mich., near Detroit. For a long time he drew about eighty thousand letters a week and once got more than a million after a talk called "Hoover Prosperity Means Another War." At the height of his power he tried to belittle a rebuke from the Vatican itself. He ran his own candidate for the American presidency. He followed the Nazi propaganda line when his country was at war with Germany and was praised by the Berlin radio for his "undaunted stand against Bolshevism and Jewry."

Millions hailed him as champion of the common people. Millions cursed him as a Fascist. But some found it hard to decide what Father Coughlin really was for one of his few consistencies as a public figure was that he was seldom consistent for long.

In 1933 he called Roosevelt "our beloved President," beat the drum for the New Deal, and began to be asked for advice by important persons. A man who visited him in 1934 heard a long-distance conversation between Coughlin and the governor of Pennsylvania. "Oh no, Governor, I don't think I would use the troops in the mining crisis," Coughlin was saying. "There must be some better way of handling the situation . . . Yes, I will think it over and let you know." Yet within three years he had broken with many of these prominent admirers, as he had done earlier with Governor Al Smith of New York.

By 1936 he had turned against the New Deal and had publicly called President Roosevelt a liar. He talked repeatedly about the brotherhood of man but, when a bill to require United States adherence to the World Court came before Congress, he denounced it as "treason." He insisted he was not anti-Semitic. Yet there was savage anti-

Semitism among large groups of his most ardent followers.

As World War II came closer his paper, Social Justice, echoed the propaganda line of Hitler and Mussolini more and more faithfully—at the same time urging its readers to live according to the principles of Christianity—proclaiming that "America—Not England—Won England's Last Battle," and warning to "Beware the British Serpent!"

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, which Social Justice called "only a fair job in copying the 'sneak' tactics of Great Britain, Father Coughlin's views were equally embarrassing to Church and State. On May 1, 1942, he promised Archbishop Mooney of Detroit he would sever all his connections with the paper. And on May 4 the U. S. Postmaster-General revoked its second-class mail license, after its representatives had failed to show cause why it should not be barred from the mails for sedition.

Father Coughlin has lived since then in almost complete obscurity at Royal Oak, apart from one or two brief reappearances in the news. After the Nuremberg war-guilt trials in 1945 it was disclosed that Nazi big shot Robert Ley had asked to have him as defense counsel. In 1949 he was called as a witness in a widely publicized income-tax-evasion case against a Dr. Gariepy of Royal Oak. But for nearly ten years before Pearl Harbor he was one of the most conspicuous men in the world.

Some who knew him as a child in Hamilton, or were at St. Michael's College with him in Toronto, or when he was teaching at Assumption College in Windsor, Ont., remember things they think were

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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coughlin raised son in Hamilton. He spent first 32 years in Canada.



R *COUGHLIN*

The Holy Terror from Hamilton

The Radio Priest from Canada became the symbol of U. S. Isolation's hard core.



On the most southerly tip of the mainland Pelee Park is warmer than Los Angeles.



THE HOTTEST SPOT IN CANADA

By RAY SILVER

Point Pelee National Park, unknown to Canadians, draws thousands of Americans every summer with its Riviera climate, its two hundred bird songs and its lively old-timers who like to point out the spot where the unruly Ojibways took forty French scalps

THE BALMIEST spot in Canada this summer, as every summer, was a slender finger of thicket and sandy shingle which juts for nine miles into western Lake Erie. A nature paradise and paradox, it is Point Pelee National Park—paradise because here the most southern tip of Canadian mainland reaches the latitude of the Riviera with a summer mean temperature of seventy-two degrees, one degree warmer than Los Angeles; paradox because it is the only spot in North America where cactus and northern trees like tamarack thrive side by side, and the birds confound the experts by flying south in spring.

Here you can raise pecans, oranges and cotton; you can hear more than two hundred species of birds from Arctic siskins to Carolina wrens singing, and the whole lush show can be yours for the price of a tent and a dollar-a-week camping fee.

The park, which surprisingly few Canadians know much about, is only about six square miles, yet it draws more visitors (mainly Americans) than any other Canadian playground except Banff and Riding Mountain Parks.

The peninsula offers a dozen miles of fine beaches with water at two temperatures. Erosion and camp installations worry conservationists.





Breakfast call for 1st Essex Scouts, camping at Pelee. Once the forest hid a crop of Indian hemp from which a dope ring manufactured marijuana.



Native son Ed. Delaurier examines cotton he grew on the Point. He also grows oranges, hibiscus, Florida holly.

And there have been years when Pelee outdid every national park in the country.

Just forty miles southeast of Windsor, Ont., where the Canadian mainland stretches deep into the Great Lakes, it is south of a dozen U.S. states and within a day's travel for forty million people. Because of its climate and its geographical position it has become "a veritable outdoor laboratory of natural history research," in the words of Dr. William Brodie, an Ontario provincial biologist who first tramped its wilds back in 1879.

The Point, as the natives call it, is probably the most chronicled, best studied and scientifically observed blob of land in the country. A scientist from the Royal Ontario Museum found it the best place on the continent to study spiders. A newspaper wildlife columnist is fascinated by its snakes. One government expert was dispatched to Pelee to track down coyote. Another spent half a season studying the conflict between mink and muskrat in the Pelee marsh.

There is only one instance on record of the National Association of Audubon Societies ever leaving New York City for an annual meeting. One year they chose to go to Pelee—four hundred and fifty strong. The National Film Board has put Pelee and its birds on celluloid. When the National Research Council wanted to test a new kind of erosion control it picked Pelee. When the national parks branch of the Department of Resources and Development and the universities teamed up to do an ambitious study of Canada's plant and wildlife a couple of years ago they picked Pelee as the place to start.

Dr. William Gunn, University of Toronto graduate in business and com-

merce who climbed from private to lieutenant-colonel as an authority in army accounting, then became a military expert on the Canadian Arctic, wound up finally with his sleeping bag on the beaches of Pelee where his research on Pelee's puzzling bird migration won him a Ph.D. in ornithology.

Pelee's mystery of birds flying south by thousands in spring is a mystery still, but Gunn's research threw new light on the puzzle. He thought that maybe birds overshoot while migrating north at night and, with daylight, become aware they are farther north than they intended. They begin moving back southward. Pelee, shaped like a funnel, tends to concentrate the birds in vast numbers at the point's narrow tip. Here, where there is no shoreline to follow farther, hummingbirds and eagles alike strike off boldly for the unseen southern shore beyond Lake Erie's horizon. Another theory: Pelee is such a popular resting and feeding station for migrating birds that they literally crowd themselves off the tip of the point until it becomes a choice of fly or swim.

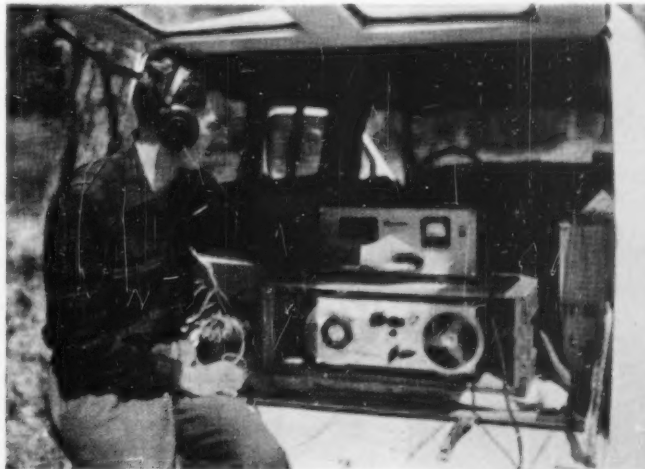
Gunn, as executive director of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, has now launched a new Pelee project. He is making tape recordings of Pelee bird songs and playing them back to the startled creatures for a study of bird emotional reaction.

Point Pelee is a camper's, as well as a bird watcher's, paradise. Its dozen miles of sandy beaches, sunny days, cool nights, mild lake water, good fishing, fresh-water wells, dutch ovens stacked with stove wood, and picnic tables are available to all comers. Last year Fred Broadbeck, a Detroitier who is a Pelee addict, summered there from April to September in a tent and trailer for less than thirty dollars a week.

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Advancing water have now covered the cottage where Capt. Jim Grubb was born.



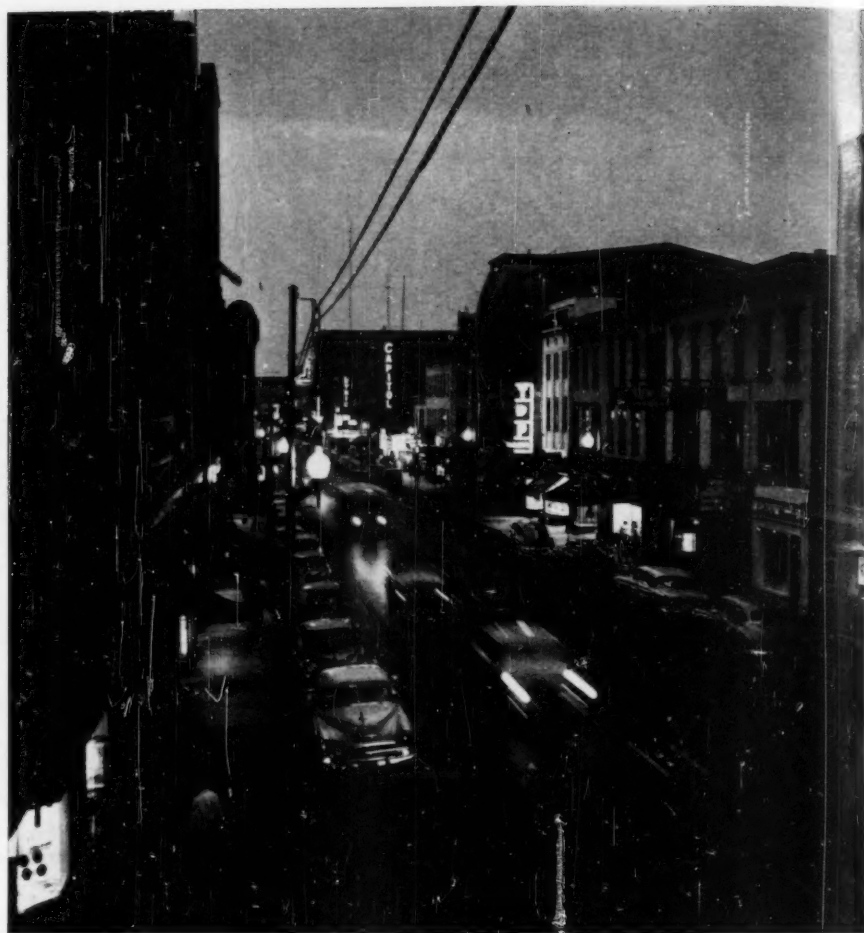
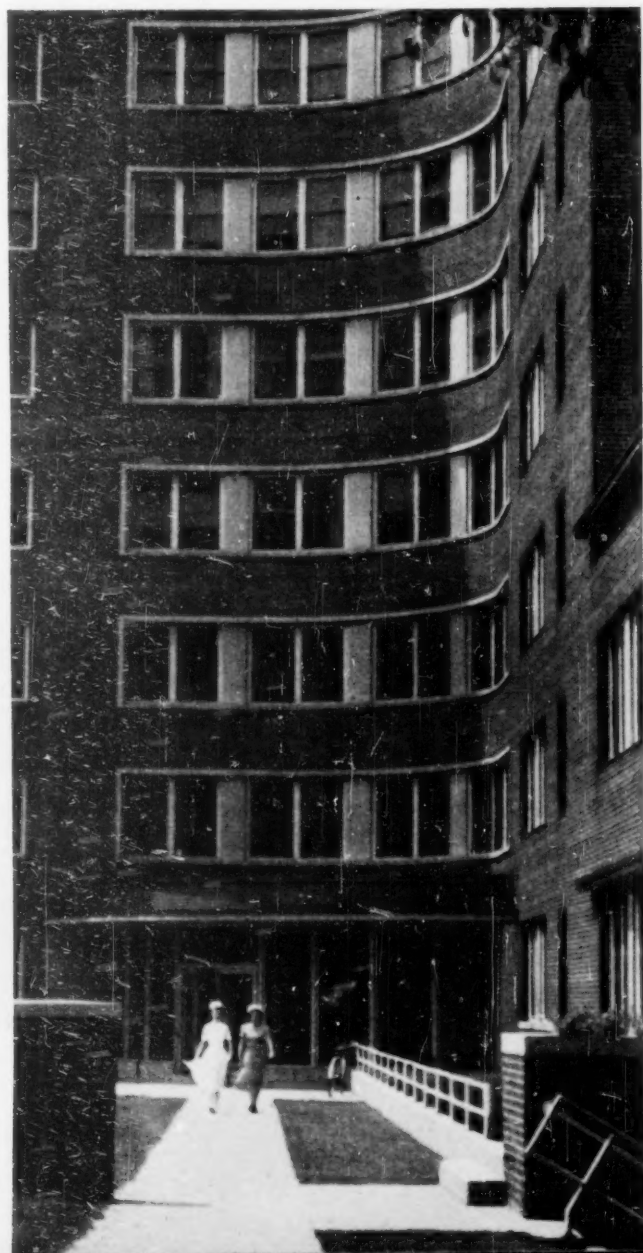
Dr. William Gunn makes tape recordings of the bird songs. The Point is a resting place for millions of migratory birds, many of whom, like the yellow-breasted chat, take up residence.



THE HAPPILY MARRIED CITIES

By EDNA STAEBLER

PHOTOS BY MARCEL RAY



King Street serves both cities as main street. This is Kitchener end.

KITCHENER AND WATERLOO, in the fertile heart of western Ontario, consider themselves the finest pair of cities ever raised on sauerkraut and enterprise. Kitchener is the most highly industrialized community in Canada and Waterloo, with the head offices of six insurance companies, handles more money than any city its size. They are friendly and lively and solid, cautious and daring; proud of their tidy streets and well-kept houses, their music, beer and many churches, the plump and placid women in sombre shawls and bonnets who sell *schmierkaese* and shoo-fly pie at their Saturday morning markets.

Situated (they claim) "in North America's belt of maximum energy," they have a healthful, high, dry climate and artesian wells of the purest water. If visitors, overwhelmed by K-W hospitality, dare complain that there's no view, and no place to swim, they are quickly shown the vivid blue of Kitchener's municipal pool and how Waterloo has dammed up Laurel Creek. For scenery they can see the rolling hills and teeming farmlands of Waterloo County and a lake that has been dug in Victoria Park where there are picnics, band concerts and canoeing—if the lake hasn't been drained to have its bottom cleaned.

Both cities have a passion for cleanliness and order. Upkeep is a duty sacred to all. Anyone driving around on a long summer evening will see people painting their houses and tidying their green velvet lawns: on Brubacher Street the family of Fritz Herchenbaum, rubber worker, will be decorating a porch, on fashionable Rusholme Road it will be G. Murray Bray, QC, and retired colonel of the Scots Fusiliers; on John Boulevard in Waterloo young Tom Seagram, whose grandfather distilled V.O., will be busily clipping the grass.

They boast that Kitchener is the Birthplace of Hydro and Mackenzie King. It is also the home of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, Louis Breithaupt, whose grandfather started a tannery with only ninety dollars. Waterloo has the greatest annual band festival in America and its housewives make *hasenpfeffer* that is unexcelled in the British Empire.

They have a dialect of their own that is humorous and infectious: children of totally English parentage are likely to come home with a Dutchy accent and expressions like "Come here once," "I got to comb my hairs already yet," and "The butter iss all" (There is no more butter).

Modest fortunes are made in Kitchener and Waterloo because in the 1800s freedom-loving Germans came with little but a carpetbag of tools, a pair of skilful hands and the determination to build a stable way of life in which to raise a family. Many of the factories begun in those early days have grown with the families, and the tradition of a man with a trade starting a business by himself has continued in the community to the present day. As a result Kitchener and Waterloo have no vast industries but instead a diversity of manufactures that makes them as solid as a successful department store. A falling off of sales in a furniture factory has little effect on plants that make buttons, tires or sausages. Hamilton or Windsor might be crippled by a strike in a single industry; it takes a general depression to affect the Twin Cities.

New Kitchener-Waterloo hospital does job for both cities.



This is Waterloo section of King Street. Once it was an old Indian trail.

K-W savings run high, people are thrifty and above all things love their homes. More than eighty-seven percent own the houses they live in. There are few places to rent and no slums for city bylaws prohibit frame construction. There are no great mansions—Twin City millionaires are too modest, or too philanthropic, to be ostentatious—but there are many large new houses that look like magazine ads and the homes of factory workers are as neat and square and solid as those of factory owners.

Though called Twin Cities they are more like a happily married couple: Kitchener with a population of almost fifty thousand is the energetic organizing male; Waterloo, with twelve thousand, is the quiet homemaker who, refusing amalgamation, coyly cherishes her independence and shares her partner's institutions. Waterloo's babies are born in Kitchener and her dead are buried there: her cemeteries and hospitals are in Kitchener; so are her collegiate and railway station. People from both cities support the same federated charities, belong to the same clubs, play together in the K-W Symphony Orchestra, K-W Little Theatre and Chamber Music Society. They combine their statistics—but not their brass bands or their sports. Each band gives its own weekly concert; Waterloo has her own hockey arena and so has Kitchener; both have their own floodlit baseball fields—there's often a fight when K-W teams compete but they root for one another when an outside team plays either one.

When citizens speak of their home town they mean both Kitchener and Waterloo: they seldom know when they've gone from one city into the other. The K-W border crosses streets in the middle of blocks, bisects the head office of the Mutual Life Assurance Company (claimed by Waterloo) and divides people's lawns and houses. A family on one side of a table might be eating *panhase* in Kitchener while those on the other side are enjoying it in Waterloo.

King Street runs through both cities like a spinal column. It was once a swampy old Indian trail that the Mennonite pioneers followed through the forest when they came from Pennsylvania in their covered Conestoga wagons a hundred and fifty years ago.

The Mennonites wanted land under British rule that would give them security for their homes and the religion that made them plain and independent people. In their ox-drawn wagons it took them months to come four hundred and thirty miles to the wolf-howling wilderness they had bought in Waterloo County.

In 1806 Benjamin Eby, Abraham Weber and Joseph Schneider came to the Sand Hills and Abraham Erb settled in a cedar swamp two miles farther north. Other Mennonite settlers followed, and Germans from Pennsylvania. There were land-clearing bees and building bees; Abe Erb put up a grist mill and Ben Eby built a meeting house. The Sand Hills grew into Ebytown with a blacksmith shop and a tavern.

John Hoffman and Sam Bowman walked up from Pennsylvania; they were seventeen years old, had fifty cents between them and wanted to start a furniture factory. Ben Eby said,

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German immigrants
carved out a stable way of life
in the twin cities
of Kitchener and Waterloo.
And when war came,
they obligingly
stopped calling
their home town Berlin



Two Amish Mennonites watch nostalgically as early-day wagon, its cover temporarily abandoned, parades up cities' main street.

At 7 a.m. on a Saturday, the market is already crowded with customers seeking schwadamorga sausage and shoo-fly pie.





They'll Move Anything...

... from bottle caps to a university. In fact this story, which begins with a man from Hamilton named Hill, is the most moving we have ever published

By **FRANK CROFT**

PHOTOS BY GILBERT MILNE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a Hamilton newspaperman was regaling his friends with an account of his trip to Chicago. "I felt kind of homesick the first couple of days," he admitted. "Then I saw one of Hill's vans crawling down Michigan Avenue, and I felt a lot better."

Hill the Mover (Canada) Ltd., with its seventy red-and-ivory vans rolling daily on every main highway in Canada and the United States, is not in business to provide a reminder of home for far-flung Hamiltonians. (As a matter of fact its headquarters are no longer in Hamilton, from which a mere half dozen of their twenty-two-hundred-cubic-foot monsters now operate. They are in Toronto.) Their job for the past sixty-four years has been the moving of household furniture as well as such oddments as business offices, Chinese temple bells and even a university.

Canada's largest firm of movers developed out of an argument. George Hill, a Hamilton baker, was moving to a new home in that city in 1888.

When the mover asked for his money, eight dollars, Hill thought he was being overcharged and said so. The mover patiently replied that he would like to see the man who could do it for less and still provide groceries for his family. Hill told him he was looking at just such a man, paid the bill and immediately started to ponder what he had said.

George Hill was a bantam in size and in temperament. He was quick to assert his opinions, but he was also driven by a strong compulsion to make good with deeds. That night as he tended his oven he knew that once again he was in for it. Next day he increased the capacity of his bakery wagon, painted the words Hill the Mover on the sides and placed an advertisement in the *Hamilton Spectator* for moving jobs, quoting a price he thought was adequate.

For two years he operated his moving business as a side line. He had proved his point and he made a profit. He forgot about baking, bought another wagon and became a full-time mover.

In spite of the fact that Hill mixed the fuel, builders' supplies and the ferrying businesses with the moving business during the Nineties, the latter flourished. The other ventures were perhaps undertaken only because Grandpa, as he is still affectionately called by veterans of the firm, had felt compelled to prove that he could run such things better than anyone else. One evening in 1907 he heard himself saying that anybody who spoke English and knew enough to come in out of the rain could be elected to city council. One of his listeners pulled out his wallet and demanded to know how far Hill would go in backing up his statement. Grandpa slapped down a roll to match the contents of the wallet, entered the next aldermanic race and won hands down.

During the firm's early days his son Rowland entered the business and helped develop it. By 1911 the Hills had eight vans. But long-distance moving couldn't be done with horses. The business was still largely local. Every time a load was taken to the freight yards to be transferred to a boxcar for distant shipment Rowland Hill would squirm slightly. Every time he talked of door-to-door moving anywhere on the continent the dream was shattered by the horse laugh. Three years before the outbreak of the first Great War he saw the beginnings of his inter-city plans in an advertisement of one of the world's first trucks. It was a one-ton Yale, driven by a drive chain on one wheel cranked at the side, with a brave pair of brass handrails running along the sides of the body. It looked like something between a fire truck and a pickup. Rowland Hill argued his father into ordering one. For two years it was used for piano and phonograph moving in Hamilton only; but it was the first motor vehicle used in the moving business in this country. In 1913 the Gramm people produced one of the first trucks suitable for heavy loads. It was a two and a half tonner, and Hill lost no time in buying one. After a few weeks of successful trials in southern Ontario it was sent chugging down to New York, the first Canadian moving van to reach that city.

It took eight days to get there, loaded, and seven to return, empty. As it drew into the home yards Rowland, who had driven, turned to his helper and cried, "Finch, I figure we've lost about sixty dollars on this trip but we're through with horses just the same." This cryptic remark he explained to his father later. "Horses would have taken a month, if they could have got to New York at all. With trucks we can go in for long-distance hauling, appoint agents to have return loads ready and so double the profits."

"You mean halve the losses," Hill senior replied in one of his rare moments of caution, but he consented to the idea. To celebrate he bought a passenger bus of the English charabanc type and inaugurated the first bus service in Canada, between Hamilton and Brantford.



Joseph Atwell (right), Hill president, discusses a moving problem with Bert Jay, vice-president, as they fly in a TCA North Star from Toronto to Montreal. Atwell says moving by air is sure to become common.



George Hill founded Hill the Mover in 1888 when a house move cost him \$8.



The first Hill truck carried a load to New York in 1913. Now Nick Wlad's truck has clocked 250,000 miles and he considers a run to New Mexico routine.

Hauls to and from Toronto soon became a daily service. Hill the Mover vans became a familiar sight throughout southern Ontario and U.S. border cities. By the end of the war Hill the Mover was international. Late in 1918 George Hill died in his late sixties—almost at the same time that all the horses were sold.

Hill was now the only completely mechanized firm of movers in Canada. Improved roads opened the way to Quebec. A branch office and warehouse

was opened in Toronto in 1926 and two years later a similar move was made in Montreal. Winnipeg was added in 1946 and Ottawa last year.

When Rowland Hill died in 1940 a half interest in the business was bequeathed to each of his sons, Arthur and Reginald. In 1949 Reginald was killed in a plane crash. Recently Arthur Hill sold his interest in the business to Joseph M. Atwell, now president, with head offices in Toronto.

Long-distance moving thirty years ago could

have been compared with deep-sea tramp steamer service, the ships which leave port not knowing when they will return or at how many ports they will call before doing so. Henry Ince, who was on the long hauls in the Twenties says, "It was routine to pull out of Hamilton or Toronto for a point in New York state, for instance, then get wired instructions to go farther south or west. This would go on for a couple of months. By the time you had returned home

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LEO, THE MOTH-EATEN LION

When poor old Leo lost his tail, everyone wanted to give him the needle.

But his friend Jack May saved his life and now Leo can look forward to ten pounds of horsemeat a day and a beautiful blond lioness named Flexie

By MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

MOST of the visitors to Toronto's shabby old Riverdale Zoo take one look at Leo, the black-maned African lion, and wince. Hundreds of them have written angry letters to the mayor accusing the officials of cruelty. Among a deputation of women electors angrily storming City Hall last year was a Mrs. Minnie Critch who said: "I can tell from the expression on that lion's face he is grieving." In correspondence published recently by the Toronto Star a man signing himself P. M. Neville wrote: "Poor derelict creature! Let's put him out of his misery."

Ever since Leo was taken to Riverdale Zoo four years ago after an accident in a carnival his appearance has provoked widespread indignation. For one thing he has lost his tail and when the flies are bothersome Leo has nothing to switch but an ugly stump. More poignant still is the fact that his hind legs are partially paralyzed.

The shock effect of nine-year-old Leo's disfigurements is heightened by the contrasting magnificence of his head and forequarters. Seen from the front his dimensions suggest one of the most classic specimens of that incomparable species *Panthera Leo*. But as soon as he turns sideways to exhibit his jagged amputation and wasted tremulous withers the human heart bleeds for him.

Captive lions, even when entire and strong, have always evoked the pity of sensitive people. The English poet Ruth Pitter has summed up these emotions in the lines:

You are afraid, you do not dare
Up to the lion to lift your eyes . . .
His beauty, humbled to the earth,
Only my wrathful God beholds . . .

Even so, many zoologists are convinced that wild animals are happier behind bars than living naturally under a survival-of-the-fittest code, and point out that the menagerie is indispensable to modern society not merely as entertainment but as a medium through which anthropologists can pursue their study of that vital and yet unsolved problem—the origin of man.

If Riverdale Zoo offered a more salubrious setting, the spectacle presented by the unfortunate Leo might not be so painful. But it is small and dilapidated. The buildings were erected fifty-three years ago and are parched for paint. The brick walks between the cages undulate with frost upheavals and are worn wafer-thin by three generations of shuffling feet.

So closely confined is a gigantic Kadiak bear from Alaska that he has worn the fur from his flanks on the concrete. So uncontrolled are the free admission approaches that several summers ago a drunk was found asleep but unharmed in a

pit full of Siberian bears. So near are the zoo's one hundred and fifty exotic creatures to the city streets that a few years ago a motorist, driving furiously with headlights blazing, alarmed a zebra which bolted, crashed into the side of its pen, and broke its neck.

Controller Alfred Cowling of Toronto said: "Deplorable conditions at Riverdale Zoo have been talked about for years. It is time something was done about it."

How can a twentieth-century North American municipality tolerate the existence of a maimed lion in such wretched surroundings? It is only fair to say that Toronto's city fathers would have been glad to see Leo "put to sleep" long ago. Nor is Dr. James A. Campbell, the zoo's lanky, gentle, seventy-year-old curator to be dubbed an ogre for sanctioning Leo's survival any more than he is to be blamed for the lion's environment.

The run-down state of the zoo is attributable solely to the natural reluctance of politicians to spend public funds on animals while the call on taxes for human amenities remains so heavy.

When he first saw Leo Dr. Campbell's judgment as a veterinary surgeon was influenced by his responsibilities as a showman. He said the lion was not fit for exhibition and prepared to give him a lethal shot with a needle.

But at this point the man who has prolonged Leo's life in the face of general disapproval stepped into the picture. He is a tiny, stocky individual of sixty-eight with kindly grey eyes and grizzled grey hair. His name is Jack May and for nearly

forty years he's been foreman-keeper at Riverdale. His office is marked by no resplendent uniform. He always wears an old cloth cap, stained flannel shirt and baggy pants kept up by frazzled braces. Yet his battle to keep Riverdale Zoo a habitable place for animals and an attractive place for visitors, on a budget so stingy he often has "to plead for a pound of nails or a bit of lumber," has impressed the younger keepers to the point where they call him "sir."

When Jack took Leo into the zoo after the lion's accident he was ferocious through confinement in a cruelly small cage. From that day Jack has argued with such emotion and cogency for Leo's life that neither Doc Campbell, the Toronto Parks Department nor the mayor and corporation have had the heart to yield to public opinion and order the lion's destruction.

Jack May insists that Leo is happy; that he is getting well again; that as the only full-maned male African lion in the zoo he is an educational necessity; and that one day soon he will provide Riverdale with an important service.

To understand Jack's unpopular but stubborn stand it is necessary to spend a few days with him in the cellar beneath Leo's cage where he prepares horseflesh for the big cats, wolves, coyotes, hawks, owls and eagles; fish, biscuits and vegetables for the bears; bananas, boiled rice, raisins, flaxseed and molasses for the monkeys; linseed cake, hay and clover for the zebus, sacred Indian cows; and the odd cup of tea for himself.

May came to Canada fifty years ago, a farmer's



Leo gazes benignly through the bars of his cage in Toronto at Jack May, the man who saved his life.



Flexie was the death of one lion but now she's crazy to meet Leo.



Leo wanly displays, for camera, the place where his tail used to be.

boy from Norwich, England. His four decades among outlandish animals have given him a philosophy which is worth an airing.

"A lion," says Jack, "is the most gorgeous of all living things. When you are lucky enough to get one you don't just bump him off because he's a bit beaten up."

Jack says he has read "every book that's ever been printed about lions" and he knows that Leo's ancestors reached the highest stage of physical perfection yet achieved by any earthly being when man's own predecessors were still gibbering in trees. Jack May believes no other beast can best Leo in battle.

These thoughts have given Jack May a wholesome respect for Leo. But they are not the only reasons for his persistent plea that Leo should live.

"Now just look at him," says Jack. "Up front he's the most beautiful big cat I've ever seen. It's only when he turns round and shows you his back end that you get a disappointment."

From 1938 until 1948 Riverdale Zoo was without a lion. It had an Indian lioness, a Sumatran tigress, an African leopard and a Canadian cougar. But it had no black-maned African lion, which is the type known as the king of beasts.

During this long impoverished interval Jack often thought nostalgically of the early thirties when Riverdale had a pair of African lions who produced a litter every year. Jack and Doc Campbell gave the cubs away with great prodigality. They even had difficulty finding zoos which would take the cubs in. It never occurred to Jack that Riverdale would ever be in want of a lion.

Then, as the war approached, lions, like everything else, suddenly became scarce. Hope for a while sprang from the fact that the zoo got an exquisite two-year-old female lioness, a real jungle-bred Indian lioness, a great rarity, and a gift of the Indian Government. Jack May called her Flexie because she was so flexible. In a desperate swapping of bears and wolves he also got a twenty-seven-year-old African lion who had been bred in captivity. Jack called him Dak because he came from Dakota.

Whether the youthful Flexie had been coquetishly leading the aged Dak up the garden path, or whether as a wild purebred Indian she was affronted by Dak's domesticated Afro-American technique, Jack says he will never know. But as soon as Dak began to make serious overtures Flexie whipped around and tore into him. Jack May, Dr. Campbell and a bunch of keepers had to separate them with a fire hose and big iron

bars. Old Dak never recovered from the shock of his stymied autumnal romance and just pined away to death.

When Leo was abandoned by the traveling carnival in 1948, blemished and savage though he was, he seemed to Jack like a gift of the gods to Flexie, Riverdale Zoo and the citizens of Toronto. "People who want to do away with him," says Jack May, "don't realize their own ignorance. Leo is not miserable, not one iota. He is better off today than ever he's been in his life."

Jack is no sentimentalist. He doesn't believe Leo loves him for saving his life or any of that hogwash. He believes that a good keeper lets the animals know who's boss. For seventeen years he had an elephant called Old Cap, of whom he grew very fond. "I almost cried when she died," he says. "But when she got uppish I used to give her a jab with a pitchfork." Once Old Cap swung her trunk at Jack and deafened his left ear for life. "But I didn't hold it against her," he says. "That's how things go in this game."

Leo and The Wall of Death

His attitude toward Leo is respectful but firm. Leo can still get pretty ugly. Rather than make a scene Jack just calls on Doc Campbell to chloroform Leo whenever the lion needs to be combed or have his claws cut.

May thinks it is likely that Leo was born in captivity and was trained to sit in the sidecar of a motorcycle while the rider whipped around the perpendicular "wall of death." Leo was a motordrome lion for five years until a bike and rider landed on him and tore off his tail. By the time the motordrome reached Toronto in 1948 Jack estimates Leo had been in a small cage several months because he had lost the use of his hind legs. "He walked on his front legs and dragged his rear behind him," says Jack. "And boy, was he savage!"

Jack adds: "Leo's owners decided he would never perform again and asked me to take him in. Doc Campbell was away at the time and I did it on my own responsibility. After all we'd been crying out for a lion for years and I felt sure I could get Leo well with proper quarters and food."

When Doc Campbell saw Leo he knew at once people would complain if ever he went on show. But for Jack he would have given Leo the needle then and there. Eventually however he agreed with Jack that Leo had a good chance of getting back on his hind legs. The zoo had been a long time without a lion and for once the officials

decided just to let people think what they liked.

Jack May doesn't go into Leo's cage yet. He thinks Leo is "still a bit ugly from the accident." But he's getting more docile every day.

At first Leo was fed on bread and milk, cod-liver oil and pigeons or rabbits, which are a great delicacy for big carnivores. Jack got the pigeons and rabbits from the zoo's own stock. He would wait until the visitors weren't looking, then quietly and deftly wring the neck of a rabbit or pigeon for Leo's dinner. Leo would eat fur and feathers and all.

Within a few weeks Leo could eat a little horse-meat and could stand on his hind legs, even if they were a bit shaky. Today he is eating ten pounds of horsemeat six days a week and jumping up to his sleeping shelf five feet above the cage floor. On Sunday, like all the other animals, Leo goes without food. This is a drill designed to keep the animals healthy. Whenever Leo suffers a slight relapse and loses his appetite Jack rushes out to slay a rabbit or a pigeon.

Many times during Leo's convalescence Jack sat up all night with him. Even today he sometimes gets a feeling in the middle of the night that Leo needs him and he comes hurrying down from his little home on nearby Pickering Street to stand by.

"It's been a long uphill fight to save Leo," says Jack. "But it's been worth it."

He will show you books by zoologists who have discovered that animals will not breed in captivity unless they are content. Very few Riverdale specimens, when given the opportunity, have failed to reproduce themselves. If they had there wouldn't be any Riverdale Zoo because there isn't enough money to buy animals from outside.

Jack wants to mate Leo with Flexie and produce a Riverdale breed. Already Flexie is crazy to meet Leo. "Leo is very interested too," says Jack, "which shows he's happy."

Jack May hopes and believes they will present him with some cubs before he retires two years hence. "The city council," he says, "is talking of building a new super zoo in North Toronto, with open areas instead of cages so the animals can run freely like at Whipsnade in England, and with big stuff like elephants, rhinos and hippos, and maybe a band playing on Sundays. That'll be long after I'm finished, I'm afraid. It's tough after being so long down here I'll be too old to go up there. But it will be nice to think that if we can get Leo and Flexie to hit it off and produce a good healthy strain of lions of our own, there'll be a bit of that new zoo that will always belong to Riverdale, and to me." ★



WHAT EVERY YOUNG BRIDEGROOM SHOULD KNOW

By BARRY MATHER

In this marrying season the groom stands lost and forgotten amid the wedding consultants, the guests, the bridesmaids and the photographers. So here's some dubious advice on how to take the ache out of it all

AT THIS TIME all newspapers are advising the girls on such subjects as How To Become A Bride, How To Organize A Surprise Shower For Yourself, and What To Do Before The Minister Comes. The newspapers, however, are doing nothing for the bridegrooms.

This is very unfair. Statistics show that there are almost as many bridegrooms as brides.

Here is some advice to bridegrooms:

How to Get Out of It—(a) Ask her father for eighty-five hundred dollars to start a buggy-whip factory. (b) Tell her mother you have three children by a former marriage and that it will be one big happy family when the little ones move in after the wedding. (c) Emigrate to Ecuador.

The Wedding—(a) What to wear. If you cannot get out of it you will be expected to attend your wedding. The question arises, what should you wear? Just as all brides wear white, symbolic of happiness, all bridegrooms wear black.

The Bridesmaids—These girls, dear friends of your bride, have been eliminated in the semifinals. Should the idea occur to you, it is too late to ask for a replay.

The Best Man—He is supposed to be a friend of yours. After the

ceremony avoid asking him leading questions such as "Have you kissed the bride?" If you ask him you will just be giving him a chance to say, "Not recently."

The Reception—Amid the joyous gaiety of the wedding reception the bride's father may be seen standing by himself in a corner, crying quietly. It is assumed that he is crying over his loss of a daughter. Actually he is crying over his loss to the caterer.

Bridegroom's Speech—It is customary for the bridegroom to make a speech. The main purpose of this is to enable his friends and well-wishers to let the air out of his car tires and to place a framed picture of an old girl friend on top of his pyjamas. Smart bridegrooms will therefore make short speeches, such as "Let this be a lesson to all of you," or maybe just "Good-by."

The Honeymoon—One of the problems of the honeymoon is how to look like an old married couple. At stations and piers make your wife carry all luggage. For best results she should carry three suitcases—better still, a small trunk. At hotels—tell the room clerk you are on a big business deal and must be called at 4 a.m. (You can always try to cancel this later.) And, as you take the elevator to your room, laugh and shout, "It hardly seems possible it is ten years since we were here on our honeymoon . . . ha ha." ★

Drawings by James Hill



Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



CARRIE: A long and melancholy turn-of-the-century social melodrama, based on a novel by Theodore Dreiser. The author's fickle heroine kept her gaze on the cash register more steadily than the relatively innocent playgirl depicted here by Jennifer Jones. The film, however, is expertly directed by William Wyler, and the skilled cast includes Laurence Olivier in a finely shaded portrayal of a middle-aged man whose passion is his doom.

DOWN AMONG THE SHELTERING PALMS: A few tart or tuneless moments don't save this one from being, in my opinion, a tedious and second-rate musical. It's about an army captain (glumly played by William Lundigan) who has several women chasing him on a tropical isle.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST: Oscar Wilde's satirical high-society comedy of the 1890s is zestfully acted by a polished British cast, in Technicolor. The direction is not always lively but Wilde's sparkling dialogue helps to make this one practically a "must" for sophisticated customers.

KING KONG: The famous 1933 fantasy-adventure has been reissued and is one of the most entertaining shows now making the rounds. I'm not at all sure that all the laughter it now generates was originally intended by the producers, but in any event it adds up to a lot of laughs for the whole family. The hero, of course, is a prehistoric super-ape who terrorizes Manhattan, but all the time he's just eating his heart out for Fay Wray.

PAULA: Sudsy in format like the radio daytime serials, but quite decently done, this is a neatly plotted tear-jerker about a childless woman (Loretta Young) who adopts a little boy after she almost kills him in a traffic accident. Meanwhile, the police are hunting her as a hit-and-run monster.

RASHOMON: A brilliant, puzzling, shocking export from Japan. A woman

is ravished and her husband killed by a bandit on the road; then we are given a choice of several different versions of what really happened. It's an item for connoisseurs.

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE: A charming Irish-American girl (Ann Blyth) uses her "special drag" with her favorite saint to keep her friends and her screwball family out of trouble. Much of these shenanigans look like a belated Celtic rewrite of *You Can't Take It With You*, but it has some honest hilarity in it just the same.

THE SAN FRANCISCO STORY: The plot and characters are awfully hackneyed, but director Robert Parrish has crisply and graphically put on film a story about crooked politics and violence in the California of a century ago. Even he, I'm afraid, can't put much conviction into Yvonne DeCarlo's dull sketch of a good bad-girl.

SCARAMOUCHE: An energetic costumed swashbuckler, or sword-opera, adapted from the Sabatini novel. Stewart Granger and Mel Ferrer are the taunting duellists, and Janet Leigh and Eleanor Parker are among the ladies who raise their temperatures.

SON OF PALEFACE: I happen to be a member of the group—a minority, it would seem—which does not consider this Bob Hope farce as funny as its 1948 predecessor, *The Paleface*. But the clowning is certainly fast and genial, and Jane Russell is a wondrous sight to see as the lawless hostess of the Dirty Shame Saloon. Also on hand: cowboy Roy Rogers and Trigger.

WE'RE NOT MARRIED: Five separate stories are wrapped up in this one, and some of them don't click. It's worth seeing, though, if only to enjoy Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers as professional lovey-doveys who never stop snarling until the exact second when their breakfast program again hits a million radios like a plague of locusts.

GILMOUR RATES

About Face: Musical. Poor.
African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
Atomic City: Spy drama. Good.
The Big Night: Drama. Fair.
Captive City: Crime drama. Good.
Carbine Williams: Jail drama. Fair.
Clash by Night: Sex drama. Poor.
Deadline, U.S.A.: Press drama. Good.
Diplomatic Courier: Spies. Fair.
Don't Bother to Knock: Drama. Fair.
Encore: Maugham "package." Good.
The Fighter: Boxing drama. Fair.
Five: Atomic-age drama. Fair.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
4 in a Jeep: Vienna drama. Good.
Fun for Four: Comedy. Poor.
Girl in White: Medical drama. Fair.
Glory Alley: Boxing drama. Poor.
Has Anybody Seen My Gal?: Domestic comedy of 1920s. Good.
High Noon: Western. Excellent.
His Excellency: Comedy-drama. Good.
I Believe in You: British comedy-drama. Good.
Jumping Jacks: Good for Martin and Lewis fans, anyway.

Kangaroo: Outdoor drama. Fair.
The Lion and the Horse: Outdoor action. Good for kids.
Lovely to Look At: Musical. Fair.
Lure of the Wilderness: Drama. Good.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.
Mara Maru: Sea melodrama. Poor.
Mr. Lord Says "No!": Comedy. Fair.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Pat and Mike: Athletic comedy and romance. Excellent.
The Promoter: British comedy. Good.
Rancho Notorious: Western. Fair.
Red Ball Express: War. Fair.
Red Mountain: Western. Fair.
Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
Scandal in the Village: Drama. Fair.
Secret People: British drama. Fair.
She's Working Her Way Thru College: Campus musical. Good.
Singin' in the Rain: Musical. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Something to Live For: Drama. Fair.
Tembo: Jungle travelogue. Fair.
Tom Brown's School Days: Drama. Good.
When in Rome: Comedy. Fair.
World in His Arms: Adventure. Fair.

Hottest Spot in Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Most of the Pelee campers are Americans like Broadbeck. "The pop-stand operators do a rushing business on American holidays," explains Mrs. Helen Wolfe, "but on Canadian holidays they nearly starve to death." Mrs. Wolfe runs the Aviation Inn which, along with Pelee Lodge, provides the top hotel accommodation in the park.

Except for small acreages still privately held at Banff and Jasper, Pelee is the only national park in Canada with private properties within its borders. Summer cottages rent from twenty-five to sixty dollars a week. The cottages and the private farms back onto the Big Marsh, which swarms with muskrat and wild ducks. This cottage-marsh area is separated from the rest of the park by a paved road. Between this road and the west beach is a band of red cedar and hardwood forest and in this lush growth camping and picnic facilities have been discreetly dispersed.

In this heavy screen of cedar, oak, elm, maple, pine, sycamore, sassafras, hackberry, ash, basswood, ironwood, poplar, and shag-bark hickory trees, tens of thousands of campers are absorbed each year. At one point in Pelee's history a more sinister crop was hidden—Indian hemp, the source of marijuana, which was planted innocently by sportsmen as pheasant cover and thrived in the warm climate. Dope peddlers are believed to have harvested millions of dollars' worth of this drug weed for years, unknown to Pelee residents. Then a Detroit detective on vacation discovered the crop. It took the Mounties ten days to uproot and burn it. The operation was so well screened by Pelee's thick undergrowth that campers didn't know what was going on until they read about it in the papers.

Pelee has some of the finest freshwater beaches in the country. Swimmers are offered the choice of mild or milder water, wading shallows or quick drop-offs, calm water or breakers.

"I've seen it off the Point when you could walk out of water at seventy degrees on the west side and into water fifty-four degrees on the other side," says Captain Jim Grubb, a lifelong Pointer and former skipper of the now disused lifesaving station. "And I've seen some mighty high waves on the east beach when it was smooth as glass on the west side."

The one swimming hazard is a dangerous rip current near the tip of the Point where the east and west currents meet. Several swimmers who have disregarded the large warning sign have been drowned there.

An RCMP constable now lives in the old lifesaving station from which, in the heyday of the lake schooners, the twenty-five-foot Erie Edna was often launched into the teeth of a gale to rescue survivors from ships aground on the reefs and shoals of Pelee Passage, known then as the "boneyard of the Great Lakes." Schooner hulks still lie rotting in the silt just offshore.

But Pelee waters have been as productive as they were treacherous, for they make up part of the greatest freshwater fishing on the continent. In thirty years the fish steamer Louise took eighty-six million pounds of fish off the peninsula. Gill netting and pollution have reduced the catches but the fishing is still commercially productive, and still a big lure for summer visitors.

Long before the tourists, the naturalists and the commercial fishermen,

the first Point Pelee settlers of nearly three centuries ago were sure they had found a new Eden.

Wood duck, canvasback, ruddy duck, mallard and Canada goose grew fat on the Indian rice, wild celery and sunflower of the marsh. Greenbrier and dogwood thickets sheltered grouse, pigeons and wild turkeys. There were fish offshore, muskrat in the marsh, nuts on the trees, berries on the bush. And on their lands the settlers could grow all that the country's longest warmest season would support.

Ed Delaurier, whose father and grandfather were born in a log cabin that still stands, heard from them about the parties that once ran the whole week between Christmas and New Year, then for a further week called King Days. Ducks from the late fall shooting, wild turkeys and grouse, venison brought from a short distance north were cooked for the feast. Whisky was brought in by the barrel from Sandusky, Ohio, in Grandfather Delaurier's schooner.

Descendants of the first settlers still live amicably amid the tourists. Delaurier grows hibiscus and Florida holly in the bay window of his century-old house, as well as oranges and cotton. The original Girardin fishery on the Point is now operated by Leita Girardin. The oldest and lake-wisest of the native Pointers is seventy-nine-year-old Jim Grubb. Both his grandfather and his father William were in charge of the old Dummy Light, placed on the Point by the Admiralty to guide ships through the passage. The stone cottage where Jim was born is now under water, two hundred and fifty feet off the end of the peninsula.

The Point was noted and named by the first voyagers (inappropriately, *pelee* means bald or barren). Father Pierre François Xavier de Charlevoix, describing a voyage to Canada undertaken for the King of France in 1720, reported that four hundred bears had been killed on Pelee the previous winter.

The voyagers soon learned to avoid the off-point currents by portaging across the narrow waist of the peninsula where Lake Pond—the largest of the marsh ponds—reaches within half a mile of the west beach. Ojibway Indians, who had roamed the Point for a thousand years, ambushed one French party and collected forty scalps.

Blood was also shed on the Point in 1763 in the uprising against the British by Algonquin and Iroquois tribes led by Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas. The Indians wiped out fifty-eight Queen's Rangers and Royal Americans.

Again, in 1838, the 32nd Regiment and the St. Thomas Cavalry repelled a minor American invasion timed to support William Lyon Mackenzie's rebellion. The British casualties were five killed and twenty-seven wounded.

By 1865 settlers had moved in with grist and saw mills, stage-coach routes and a dock at Leamington, on the northwest. The last of the Ojibways were pushed out. A dozen farmers and fishermen won title to about six hundred fertile acres on the Point, then still a naval reserve, at the price of one

Continued on page 26

IN RESIDENCE

A twisting thorn drives havoc through the breast.

A thing alive, unalterably our own—

Call it the heart, or vehement unrest,

Or wary conscience lodged behind the bone.

Martha Banning Thomas



Worry IS A PEST!

It stirs and troubles every nest
It makes us old before our time
It keeps us hewing to the line
It makes its followers into slaves
Those who escape are those who save.

CSB CSB CSB CSB CSB CSB



Mary
Most Canadians
solve this problem with
Canada Savings Bonds.
You may buy them for
cash or on instalments through
your investment dealer or bank.
They pay better interest than
ever before. They're cashable
at full face value anytime -



SUNSET AT WAIKIKI. PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAWAII BY ANTON BRUEHL

Be sure it's
HAWAIIAN-
Be sure it's
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Crisp-cut DOLE Crushed Pineapple sparkles in a score of taste-teasing dishes! Like refreshing Juice, sunny Slices, spoon-size Chunks and tender Tidbits, it has that mellow grown-in-Hawaii flavor and fragrance that's supremely DOLE! At your grocer's now.



Continued from page 24

dollar and seventy cents an acre. Fifty years later the federal government bought back a third of this land for forty-five thousand dollars.

From childhood the Pointers learned to understand and conserve the wildlife around them. The first yellow-breasted chat ever recorded in Canada was shown to Dr. Brodie by Pelee children in 1879. It had flown through an open schoolroom window, been killed when it hit the window glass on the other side of the room. This had happened a month before Brodie's visit. Because the bird was unknown the children had saved it for identification.

Brodie's enthusiastic report on Pelee brought another famous Canadian naturalist, William E. Saunders, to the Point. Saunders soon realized that the islands which harassed navigation between Pelee and Sandusky were stepping stones for migratory birds.

Here hummingbird, swallow, warblers, thrush and half a hundred small species cross Lake Erie. Strong flying sharp-shinned hawk, red-winged blackbirds, grackles, jays, robins and bluebirds ignore the islands and cross Lake Erie nonstop, but they still follow the Point to its very tip.

The marsh reeds and grasses fatten duck, night heron, coot, snipe, and other waders for their seasonal flights. More than a stopover, however, Pelee is the lure that made several southern species native to Canada. Ornithologists believe that the yellow-breasted chat, cerulean warbler, Carolina wren, mockingbird and cardinal all came to Canada via Point Pelee. This is the northern limit of the bobwhite, gnatcatcher, orchard oriole and prothonotary warbler.

C. K. Dodge, a member of the Geological Survey, found the Point in 1910 "less disturbed by man and retaining more of its primitive vegetation than any other equal area on the lake and river shores anywhere in the country."

A move to keep Point Pelee that way was soon in progress, and government action was probably hastened by an attempt during World War I by a syndicate of Detroit and Chicago promoters to turn the natural parkland into hundred-foot cottage lots. They actually got options on the bottom third of Point Pelee.

Forest Conover, a Leamington farmer and president of the local gun club, circulated a petition asking for the establishment of a national park. Government action followed so quickly that Pointers did not know they were living in a national park until signs were posted declaring Pelee a game preserve. Conover became the first superintendent.

Only the northwest corner of the marsh was made a bird sanctuary. Duck shooting is still permitted on a few open days each year and Point residents can take an annual quota of muskrat.

"When Point Pelee Park was established much of the property was privately owned," explains James Smart, Director of National Parks. "We intend to gradually recapture private property within the boundaries of national parks."

Park residents face this prospect philosophically, but they are less philosophic about the deer trouble. A few years ago some white-tailed deer wandered onto the Point—presumably from Ronceau Provincial Park, forty miles east. The herd grew to about thirty head and foraged park and private lands alike. They fed on Ed Delaurier's peppers and asparagus beds, on prize trees in Pelee apple orchards, and forced Don Tilden to quit growing squash and melon. Ottawa provided the farmers with deer repel-



lent, but this left a rubbery taste on fruit and vegetable crops.

Finally Smart promised that the deer population would not be allowed to increase. His department planned to live-trap surplus deer at Pelee, transfer them to remoter parts of Ontario.

There's another hot controversy about the Point—whether the park is to be kept strictly as a nature preserve or developed as a tourist attraction.

Jim Grubb puts the issue succinctly: "I think they ought to decide either one way or the other. It should be either birds or Yankees."

Camping and picnicking have not yet denuded Pelee but they have left their mark. Wind and water, vacationists and sandsuckers (American dredges that draw sand and gravel from the lake bed) have all contributed to erosion. Forty years ago scientists warned that Pelee "will be washed bodily away not very far in the future unless conditions change or man devises a way to stay them."

More recently Dr. C. H. D. Clarke, an Ontario Government biologist, warned against further clearing for camping grounds beyond absolute necessity. "It should never be forgotten that the Point is fundamentally unstable and has varied in size within historical times," he said. "It could conceivably blow back into the lake which produced it."

Currents and rough water relentlessly wear away the east beach; calmer waters on the other side of the peninsula consistently build up the west beach. In 1889 the tip was pointing ten degrees east of south; on today's maps it faces due south. A mile up the east side more than fifteen acres of orchard land behind the Tilden farm has been taken back by waters in recent years. Foster Jackson, chairman of the Pelee Advisory Council, says erosion has accelerated in the past fifteen years.

The Federal Government has been prodded into action. Parks director Smart indicates that there'll be no more clearing and enlarging of camp sites, and recent experiments to combat erosion have included rows of oak piling driven along the east beach edge and the placing of giant concrete crosses. These crosses tend to collect sand thrown up by wave action and hold it fast on the ebb tide. Some crosses which were placed on top of the sand are now covered. The natives, born sceptics, say the crosses have merely sunk.

Jim Grubb thinks interlocked sheet piling is the only answer. The Ottawa experts agree, but sheet piling is expensive. More piling and more crosses are planned this year.

Another major project, urged by residents and being considered by Ottawa, proposes a flume-way to let fresh water into the big marsh. "That," says Grubb, "is a real good idea. A flow of fresh water would provide growth of aquatic plants to feed muskrat and birds. Besides, the fish have been in captivity in that stagnant water so long they taste like mud."★

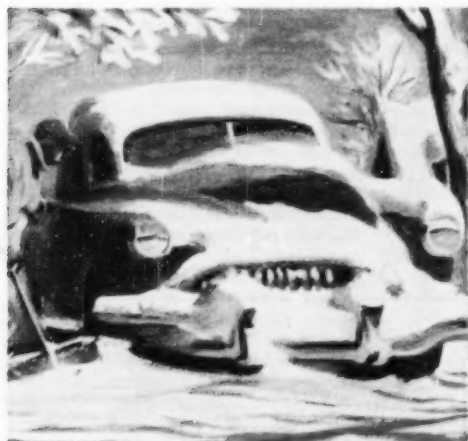
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Father Coughlin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

foretastes of what he was to become. Others say he was a brilliant if somewhat superficial student at college but apart from that, his great skill at handball, and a marked gift of the gab, they didn't notice anything particularly outstanding about him.

Coughlin spent virtually all his first thirty-two years in Canada and didn't go to live permanently in the States until 1923. But in a broadcast in 1935, answering General Hugh Johnson, tough-talking head of the National Recovery Administration, who had questioned his citizenship out loud, he said: "My dear General, I am as much, if not more, of an American as you are or ever will be."

His father was born in Indiana, left home at sixteen to work as a fireman on Great Lakes freighters. His mother, born Amelia Mahoney in Strabane, Ont., was a Hamilton seamstress when she married Tom Coughlin. Tom had settled down in Hamilton and was soon able to buy the little house at the corner of McNab and Barton Streets where their son Charles Edward was born on Oct. 25, 1891.

Coughlin's parents were devout Catholics. Their house was so close to St. Mary's Cathedral and St. Joseph's Convent that when Mrs. Coughlin was in the kitchen she could hear the cathedral organ playing and it was no trouble for the nuns to visit her. Two of them came to pray the morning her son was born. And throughout his babyhood and childhood, in the words of an old neighbor, "there was priests and nuns in and out of the place the whole time."

A sister, born when Charlie was about a year and a half old, lived only three months, and there were no more children. His mother was stricter with him than his father, fussed over him a good deal, and was notably proud of his looks. When he was five she sent him off to his first day at St. Mary's School dressed in a white middie blouse and a pleated blue skirt, his brown hair in long ringlets. A teacher turned him back at the door of the boys' building, sent him home to ask his mother if he was a boy or a girl. That night the ringlets were cut off and the next morning he went to school wearing pants.

In class he was usually quiet and attentive and in danger of becoming a teacher's pet until the morning he and some other boys walked out of the classroom without permission while the Sister was away for a few minutes. He sang in the cathedral choir, sometimes served as altar boy, was normally active and mischievous after church and school hours and disliked piano lessons.

He never showed any remarkable talent for music but he got more interested in it later on. Some years ago a man who hadn't seen him for a long

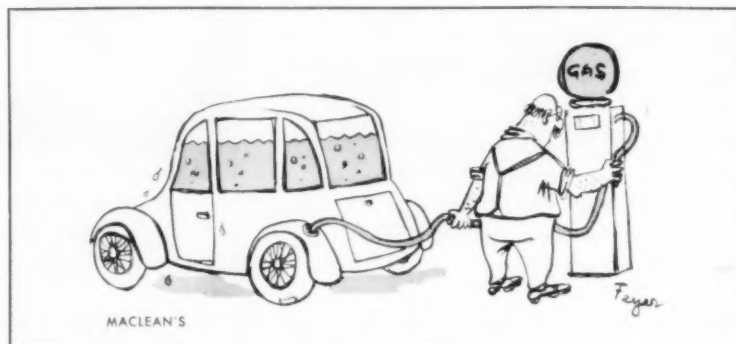
time dropped in at the Shrine when Coughlin was conducting a choir rehearsal. "I noticed," he said, "Charlie was standing so every one of the two or three hundred people who were watching the rehearsal could see his hands and he was carrying on almost like Toscanini. Still, he always did go in for gestures a lot. I remember when he was teaching at Assumption he used to have a sort of wand that he waved when he was talking."

Coughlin's fondness for gestures began to appear early in boyhood. One afternoon in Hamilton when he was about ten he and the gang from St. Mary's were wandering around town when they came to an exceptionally tall house. One of the older boys suggested seeing if anyone could throw a stone over it and everybody but young Coughlin had a try. When they all failed they rounded on him and called him yellow for not even having tried. Whereupon Coughlin calmly reached down, picked up a stone and threw it clear over the roof—as he'd known he could do right from the start.

In his late teens and early twenties Coughlin got few chances to relax. Once when he and some friends were home in Hamilton on a short vacation from St. Michael's, a friend of the family treated them to a day at the fair grounds. The friend remembers Coughlin ate a great many hot dogs, drank quantities of pink lemonade, rode the merry-go-round and the roller coaster over and over again, and laughed so hard and made so many jokes he was the life of the party. And that night he played the piano in his mother's parlor for a singsong with his friends, and kept pounding and singing away long after the others were tired out. But at college he was mostly diligent, serious-minded and unspectacular—except when the tendency to gesture overcame him.

One day when he was a theological student it was his turn to give a twenty-minute talk without notes on an assigned subject. He carefully let everyone but the lecturer know beforehand he hadn't done any preparation for it at all. Yet he spoke fluently for nearer half an hour than twenty minutes. One of the students who heard him remembers there were a great many quotations in his talk, but that they were mostly from the Apocrypha which Coughlin knew the others weren't very familiar with. And although he ended with a text that contradicted the whole point of what he'd been saying, they were so caught in the torrent of his rhetoric that only a couple of them realized it.

Rhetoric was among his chief assets as a radio spellbinder. "Indian summer has come and gone," he said at the beginning of a 1933 broadcast about the nature of money. "The fields are bare. The trees are stripped of their foliage. Before another week will have elapsed the chill winter winds will sing a sad requiem among the naked boughs." But sometimes his imagery



MACLEAN'S

got a little out of hand, as when he spoke of "the Tory Press of today—whose editors bend their pregnant knees before the modern colossus of gold, sniping in safety behind the ram-parts of left-handed compliments."

Another of Father Coughlin's radio assets was his voice—richly ripe, neither deep nor high, and sensationally effective on the air. His accent was vaguely Irish with occasional curious pronunciations like "American woark-mun" for "American workman." One of his former colleagues at Assumption College said recently, "Once in a while I'd hear Charlie speaking at some service club lunch in Windsor, and he certainly didn't sound like anyone who'd been born and raised in Hamilton, the way he did when he spoke to the boys in the school chapel. He couldn't have got away with any fancy accent there."

Father Coughlin taught at Assumption from 1916, the year he was ordained a priest, until 1923. His special subject was English. Besides waving a wand when he was talking to the class, he walked endlessly up and down the room. He never minded the boys interrupting to ask questions even if they shouted, frankly admitted to members of the staff he liked plenty of noise. He also taught Greek for a while, but had to take lessons himself from another master to keep one jump ahead of the class. He coached the football team and threw pebbles at the players when he wanted to get their attention. He ran the dramatic society—at St. Michael's he had gone in enthusiastically for theatricals—made the actors build their own stage and put on a minstrel show to pay for the lumber they used. And when he wasn't on duty at school he often took church services in the Windsor area and in Detroit.

The congregations thought well of his sermons. So did Bishop Gallagher of Detroit and the two men liked and admired each other from the start. When the carving at the base of the Shrine tower was finished it was found that by Coughlin's orders the sculptor had given the Archangel Michael the unmistakable face of the Bishop. Gallagher returned the compliment by backing his subordinate through thick and thin.

Although many who know Coughlin deplore much of his public activity as unseemly rabble-rousing, there is general agreement that he was and still is an excellent parish priest. One man says, "His religious work is wonderful, and his charities are boundless—and anonymous." And a Cardinal, discussing him with friends after dinner not long ago, said, "You know, I can't understand some things about Father Coughlin. I sometimes think he must have two entirely different personalities."

The famous broadcasts began in 1926. Father Coughlin had left Assumption College three years earlier to serve in the diocese of Detroit, and had been sent by Bishop Gallagher to Royal Oak to build a church and develop a parish there. Coughlin thought Sunday radio talks might help the parish grow and he bought time on WJR for fifty-eight dollars a week. A microphone was set up in the new little wooden church, and on Oct. 17, 1926 he made his first broadcast.

He called his program the Golden Hour, kept in the beginning to general religious themes and an almost folksy approach. "Don't wear a Sunday coat of religion and a weekday garb of inhumanity," he said in one sermon. "I haven't any use for halfway religionists." By Jan. 1927 he was being more specific, preaching against bigotry and intolerance. "At the Shrine of the



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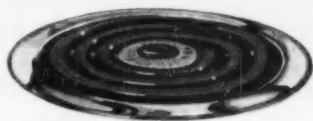
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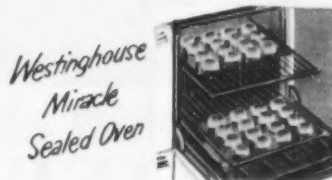
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Little Flower," he told a reporter, "we are trying to put the universal credo into Christianity."

Coughlin was surprised and pleased to get five letters within two days of his first broadcast. Soon he was getting them by the hundreds and thousands. When it was clear they were going to keep pouring in, he organized the Radio League of the Shrine of the Little Flower, which listeners could join for a dollar a year, and hired an office staff to handle the mail. By the end of 1927 he was drawing nearly fifty thousand letters a week and a

great deal of money was being sent.

Some of this money was used for office and radio expenses, and with the rest Coughlin decided to build a new and far more ambitious Shrine on the site of the original church near the corner of Royal Oak's Twelve Mile Road and Woodward Avenue—a super-highway leading from downtown Detroit. Work started in 1928 on a blunt-topped pale grey stone tower just over a hundred feet high, which people in Royal Oak took to calling "Charlie's Silo" until they saw its chief feature was going to be an enormous carved

figure of Christ on the cross. The church part of the Shrine, begun a couple of years later, is an eight-sided building of yellowish granite joined to the tower by a short projecting wing. It can seat thirty-two hundred.

The Shrine is estimated to have cost a good million and a quarter altogether. When AFL building trade unions in Detroit complained that Father Coughlin was hiring nonunion labor at half to three quarters the going wage, he admitted some of the workers were nonunion but said they were his own parishioners who needed the jobs, and

that he was actually paying more than the current rates.

After 1929 the great depression started and Coughlin made a drastic change in the Golden Hour. Instead of talking primarily about religion he turned to social and economic questions. Basing what he said on the writings of Pope Leo XIII—especially an 1878 encyclical against Communism and socialism—he echoed the pope's views almost as if nothing had happened in the half century since they were expressed. Soon he got his first setback.

Norman Thomas, leader of the American Socialist party, charged him with "serious misrepresentation of the nature of socialism . . . and hopeless confusion of it with Communism," and said Coughlin had attacked him by name. Station WJR asked Father Coughlin to observe the rules forbidding speakers to enter into controversy on the air, and for the next few months he directed his blasts against Communism alone.

The Golden Hour drew more letters than ever—particularly after Coughlin appeared before a Congressional committee investigating Communist activity in the Detroit area, criticized Henry Ford's labor policies, and made nationwide headlines like "Says Ford Is Helping Communism But Doing It 'Through Ignorance'!" In Oct. 1930 Coughlin put the program on a network of eighteen CBS stations, upped the Shrine office staff to forty and brought his total expenses to more than ten thousand dollars a week.

The chief subject of his Sunday talks was now the depression itself. He based them largely on another of Leo XIII's encyclicals—the 1891 Rerum Novarum dealing with labor problems and unemployment. Coughlin laid most of the blame for the lengthening breadlines on greedy capitalists, condemned the Hoover administration for playing a "political game of tag" with the situation, and spoke darkly of "anxiety in certain quarters for us to join the World Court, to save some of the billions invested by our international financiers in the blood bonds of an unjust treaty." The program had been on the network less than three months, when these themes and the bitterness of his approach brought him more trouble.

In Jan. 1931 a statement from the Shrine said CBS had told Father Coughlin that "a considerable number of protests had come to its attention regarding his sermons, which . . . were termed 'inflammatory'." Coughlin countered by asking his listeners whether they wanted him to go on. Within a week he got three hundred and fifty thousand answers, nearly all favorable, and until his radio season ended in the spring he kept pounding away at Washington and Wall Street.

That August the radio system said it had decided not to carry any more paid religious broadcasts and in October the Golden Hour went on a privately arranged network of nineteen stations from Maine to Minnesota. With forty-one thousand and six hundred dollars a month in radio line charges alone, a staff that had had to be increased to fifty-five and the cost of building the new Shrine, Coughlin was paying out close to twenty thousand dollars a week.

He continued to thunder against financiers and the Hoover administration, with less and less restraint as the presidential elections of 1932 drew near. That year Cardinal O'Connell of Boston expressed disapproval of the Coughlin broadcasts. Coughlin commented: "I, being an ordinary and humble priest, think that it would be out of place for me to criticize, so to

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...speak, a general in the army," but added that every one of his talks had been approved beforehand by Bishop Gallagher of Detroit. This answer was widely taken to mean that Father Coughlin, with thinly veiled impudence, was telling the cardinal to mind his own business.

After the elections Coughlin warmed up more and more to Roosevelt and the New Deal, and throughout the fall of 1933 his Sunday talks were mostly in support of the President's plan to revalue the dollar—which would incidentally bring a sharp rise in the price of silver. "My friends," he cried in one broadcast, "the restoration of silver to its proper value is of Christian concern! For God's sake become partners in this crusade! This is the call to arms!"

Coughlin's attacks on the big financiers were if anything fiercer than ever. "The spirit of Judas Iscariot still marches down Wall Street!" he said, and spoke in a horrified voice of "the spectacle of Wall Street tyranny trampling upon American freedom." But the Detroit Free Press charged that while he was preaching against Wall Street he was using a Wall Street broker to handle part of his funds, in stock-market speculation. Coughlin said the money belonged to the Radio League of the Shrine, not to him, and he was merely investing it as he had a right to do. His personal honesty was unquestioned but many people considered his ethical position somewhat delicate—particularly when the federal government's list of silver holdings disclosed that the secretary of the League had half a million ounces and was the largest holder in Michigan.

The Radio Priest's looks and bearing were now full of confidence. The line of his chin was beginning to blur into a soft jowl, but it was unmistakably pugnacious. He held his stocky body stiffly straight. There were flashes of arrogance in the blue stare behind the rimless glasses. In spite of the black clerical clothes he gave an impression of worldliness rather than spirituality—especially when he wore his dapper camel's hair overcoat.

Early in 1933 Coughlin extended his growing influence still further by organizing a group he called the National Union for Social Justice. It had a platform of sixteen basic principles—some strongly reminiscent of the constitution of Fascist Italy. The third, for example, was defined by Coughlin as "public ownership of public necessities which, by their nature, are too important to be owned and controlled by private individuals." The fifth, he said, "while upholding the right of private property, concedes the right to the government to control it for the public good."

At first the National Union backed many of Roosevelt's major policies, but in 1935 Coughlin began to take an almost fanatically isolationist stand. When Mussolini invaded Ethiopia and the League of Nations imposed sanctions against Italy, Coughlin said propagandists wanted America to "become entangled in their dirty European brawls and make the world safe for the Bank of England." And in 1936 he gave the National Union a weekly paper, *Social Justice*, which he edited himself, and with it made the turn against Roosevelt drastic and conclusive.

That June he announced the formation of a new political party, the Union party, with William Lemke, an obscure North Dakotan, as its presidential candidate. Coughlin insisted that he and the National Union were only endorsing the party and hadn't brought it into being, but campaigned for it enthusiastically. In a speech in Chicago in July Coughlin

referred to the President as "the great betrayer and liar Franklin D. Roosevelt." For this he was rebuked by the Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano*. Father Coughlin made a public apology but went on campaigning as bitterly as ever. In a speech in Cincinnati he said Roosevelt was "anti-God," and at Cleveland showed his confidence in the new party by promising to retire from broadcasting if presidential candidate Lemke didn't get nine million votes.

When the votes were tabulated in November and this forecast turned out

to be more than eight million on the high side, Coughlin kept his promise and went off the air. But he let it be known through *Social Justice* that he might go back if enough people wanted him to, and early in 1937 he began his regular Sunday broadcasts again.

In February Bishop Gallagher died and the diocese of Detroit was made an archdiocese under Archbishop Mooney. A short time later, in a newspaper interview, Coughlin attacked the CIO, managing to imply that no real Christian ought to belong to it, and said the President had showed "personal stupi-

dity" in appointing Justice Hugo Black to the Supreme Court.

Archbishop Mooney promptly reproved Coughlin in a statement published in the *Michigan Catholic*. At the same time it was announced Coughlin had canceled his contract for a series of twenty-six broadcasts over thirty-five stations, scheduled to start on Oct. 31.

His radio silence lasted until the middle of Jan. 1938. When he broke it, on a network of more than sixty stations, his talks gave many listeners an impression of marked anti-Semitism.



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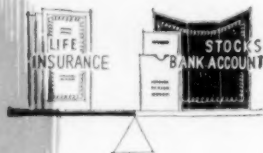
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Coughlin insisted he wasn't anti-Semitic; he was only against "bad Jews."

In a broadcast in Nov. 1938, he said that students of history recognized that "Nazism is only a defense mechanism against Communism and that persecution of the Christians always begets persecution of the Jews." He also referred to a British White Paper issued in 1919 which he said, named Kuhn, Loeb and Co., "the Jewish bankers," among those who helped to finance the Russian revolution and Communism. It was later shown that the White Paper contained no such statement.

Early in 1938 an organization called the Christian Front was formed, mostly recruited from ardent Coughlinites and professing to be inspired by his principles. That summer in New York a man named Bono was sentenced to serve six months for pasting up on a subway station pillar a sticker showing the statue of Liberty with a big hooked nose above the words "Clean Up America! Break the Red Plague! Boycott the Jews!" Bono said it and about a hundred and fifty identical stickers had been given him at a meeting of the Christian Front. The Front's president, Marcel Honoré, denied any knowledge of the stickers, and said the Front was formed to fight Communism but was opposed to anti-Semitism.

In June 1940 sixteen Christian Fronters in Brooklyn were tried on charges of sedition and conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States. At the time of their arrest two .30 calibre rifles and more than thirty-two hundred rounds of ammunition were found in their hide-out. During the trial Father Coughlin said, speaking of one of the accused, "Beside the boy I take my stand—beside him and his fellow Christian Front prisoners, be they guilty or be they innocent!"

All the prisoners were acquitted, but Coughlin's stand did nothing to contradict a growing feeling that he had a somewhat unusual notion of patriotism. After the outbreak of World War II in Europe, radio stations began to drop his Sunday talks, and in April 1940 he gave up broadcasting altogether. But Social Justice, for whose policies and contents he later assumed sole responsibility, continued to be published.

"England's zeal to destroy Germany," it said in Oct. 1939, "has now removed that nation as her own safeguard against Communism's invasion of the West." It once published a full-

page manifesto warning Americans of various national origins against England, saying to Irish-Americans for example that "since 1772 the Irish people have been robbed, starved, exiled, shot, bayoneted and hanged by Britain because they love their faith and their liberty."

Even when America entered the war Social Justice followed the same line. In April 1942 the Attorney-General of the United States informed the Postmaster-General that Social Justice had violated the Espionage Act of 1917, and had engaged in a "sustained and systematic attack on certain of our activities directly related to the war effort as well as upon public morale generally." The Attorney-General quoted such passages as one from the issue of March 23, which asked, "Will the American people want to listen to reason and terminate a war which now no one can win completely, and which Americans can lose completely?"

A federal grand jury considered indicting Social Justice for sedition, but did not do so. If it had, Coughlin might have faced a possible ten-thousand-dollar fine and anything up to twenty years in prison. But in May 1942 the Postmaster-General barred Social Justice from the mails, and Father Coughlin's fabulous public career was over.

Since then he has been living quietly in Royal Oak, busy with the affairs of the parish he runs with the help of five assistant priests. Sometimes he talks to the congregation of the Shrine on Sundays, but as one of his parishioners puts it, "He never talks about politics or world affairs except so vaguely you can hardly understand what he's getting at." He is on the masthead of the parish paper, the Shrine Herald, as publisher but its contents are a blend of religious exhortations and parish news. The townspeople in Royal Oak's business district hardly ever see him. And he refused to be interviewed for this article.

But he still seems to have some of his old pugnacity and grandiloquence. Just last summer he got annoyed with Michigan State Highway Commissioner Charles M. Ziegler, a Republican, for refusing to recommend a traffic light at the intersection where the Shrine high-school students cross. And in a statement published in the local paper Father Coughlin declared that because of Ziegler's refusal, "We are withdrawing our support from the Republican party."

It doesn't look as if the chastened Holy Terror from Hamilton has entirely changed his ways even yet. ★



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HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

curiosity and a suggestion of eagerness.

Was I setting a trap for him? Were the dining rooms in the House of Commons wired with secret recording microphones? I suddenly felt like an actor in a super-spy film. There were people looking at him and he suddenly became silent.

"When shall I come?" he said softly.

I told him that I would let him know and that was that. With all the fairness and reasonableness one can command we are seeing a new race of men developed under this menacing absurdity called Communism, men who are suspicious of everything and anything. Perhaps we should be sorry and try to understand them.

Mr. Gromyko was due to arrive shortly as Ambassador and it would undoubtedly be relayed to him that one of the embassy staff was not only seen talking to a British Conservative MP—but worse even than that—they were arranging to meet! Naturally every good Russian is anxious to return to his beloved fatherland but he is not so eager to go to the next world before his time. It was good to get away from the embassy and to mingle once more with the vast sanity of London's populace.

Three Hundred Super Subs

But if there is an element of absurdity in all this I can assure you that the Western powers will be vastly relieved when the leaves have fallen and the first chill harbingers of winter are on the wing. At this moment Russia stands poised before history with a tremendous decision to take. If there is to be a third world war, if Communism is dedicated to bringing the world down in flames—should she strike now?

Let us examine the immense advantages that she has gained during the years of the cold war. Without using a single Russian soldier she has created war in Korea, Malaya and Indo-China. By propaganda and bribery she has set the Middle East ablaze with intrigue and revolution. By her military threat to the West she has seen the economy of the capitalist nations chained to armaments and military preparations at the expense of the living standards of the people.

So much for her victories in the field of political scheming. What is her military strength?

Read these figures carefully even if they are not pleasant. Russia has one hundred and seventy-five divisions on a war footing. There never was such an army or combination of armies in peacetime. The cost of maintaining them must be enormous and the standard of living in the Soviet must reflect it cruelly, but what does public opinion matter in the slave state? Russia has achieved internal unity by the secret police and the revolver in the back.

What are Russia's military reserves? She can put a further one hundred divisions into the field in thirty days. I am not giving you these figures on mere hearsay or deduction. They are accepted by the high command of the Western forces.

In 1939 Germany had sixty submarines and nearly brought Britain to the point of starvation. Russia has three hundred super submarines although they will have the disadvantage of being manned by Russians instead of Germans.

Her air force is huge and modern but there is no reason to believe that

the machines are as good as the best American and British types. Nevertheless force of numbers must play its part. The ugly truth is that Russia is immensely strong and ready for war.

Quite rightly the military leaders of the Allied forces must assume that Russia intends to attack. That is their duty, that is the excuse for their existence, for unlike the politicians they do not have to try and unravel the riddle of the Kremlin. The army, the navy and the air force must be ready and must expect war.

But those of us who have no direct part in the military sphere yet have something to do with the political control of affairs can look upon the wider scene. What are the deterrents to war?

First there is that dreadful triumph of the scientific mind—the atomic bomb. Paradoxically, this instrument of infinite destruction stands as the supreme guardian of Western civilization. Its destructive power may be overestimated but part of its threat is the very mystery of its power.

Secondly there is the query that must face Stalin and his generals. Will the Russian Army be as ferocious in attack as in defence? And thirdly there is the dread that the Russian soldier will be disillusioned and contaminated by contact with the outside world where living conditions are so much higher than at home.

There is also the important personal element in Stalin himself. He has had his revolution and it was successful. He has had his war and it was victorious. Will his place be greater in the history of the world and the annals of his people if he reduces the world to flames and so to ashes?

These are deterrents that add up to a formidable total yet revolution is like a tiger that is more dangerous when you dismount than when you ride it. Can Communism hold the Russians in slavery for ever? Or will Stalin use war to unite a country that may be seething with discontent and disillusionment?

At least in America we are assured that the president-elect, whether he be Stevenson or Eisenhower, will not reverse the policy that has made the U.S.A. the defender of peace by its preparedness instead of an incitement to war by a spurious isolationism that was outdated by history, geography, and science.

The Price of Blundering

Whatever happens this autumn the facts are formidable and the picture is grim. Nor shall we know peace in our time even if we are spared war on the grand scale. The tragic blunders that permitted Hitler first to blackmail the free world and then to attack it have left a dreadful price to pay.

But if we can hold the line, if we can be so strong and united that Stalin dare not take the Hitler gamble then we shall face a task that is at once formidable and inspiring—the building of a new world which will call for qualities of leadership, citizenship and simple faith such as have never before been demanded of humanity.

If my plans do not miscarry I shall go to Vienna next month and look first hand upon the Russians in occupation. On my way home I shall visit that brilliant American soldier General Gruenther who is Chief of Staff of the Allied forces in Europe. No doubt in due course I shall describe it all in Maclean's.

But as far as the Russian diplomat at the Polish Embassy party is concerned, I shall leave him to his own devices. ★



Jets Cars Combines

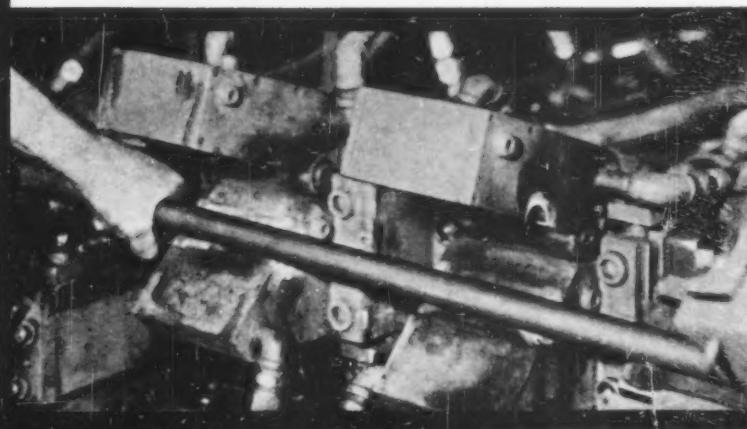
All benefit from
Massey-Harris research

The art of forging is as old as history, and as indispensable to industry as steel itself. In earlier days, the smith did the work by hand. Then came the modern oil-fired furnace, and heavy power-driven drop hammers. *And now through modern research* a new, revolutionary forging method has been developed . . . Electro-Forging.

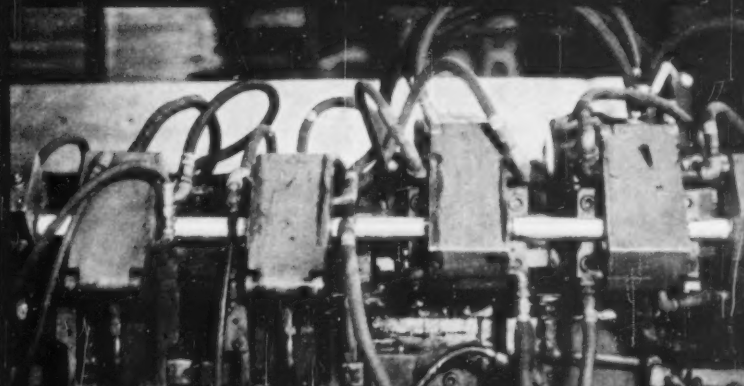
Five years of intensive effort in Massey-Harris research division have brought this process to such a high state of development that not only are special implement parts, such as the crankshaft for the straw walkers of its combine, formed in this manner, but other industries on both sides of the border have come to Massey-Harris to design and build equipment to put the new process to work on jet plane production, automobiles and other machines. This Electro-Forge equipment uses low cost electricity and enables one man to do the work of several. It gives forgings at much lower cost, that are truer, tougher and "stand up" under heavy strains. Massey-Harris is leading all North America in the development of the process, that it may produce still better machines for the farm.

Electro-Forging a new revolutionary process

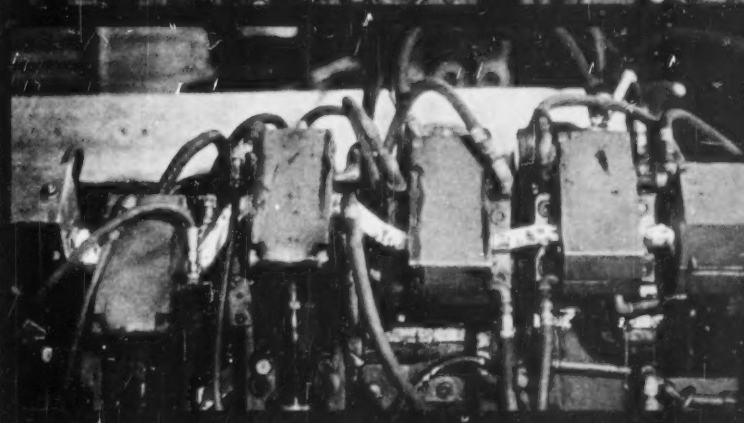
1 Forging a straw walker crankshaft the old way required several men and many operations. Electro-Forging now enables one man to do the job! First, he puts a straight bar of cold steel in the Electro-Forging machine . . . then turns on the electric current.



2 Exposed parts of the bar soon glow red hot, ready for bending to form the crankshaft "offsets". Those parts which do not bend, are kept cool by water-cooled clamps, resulting in greater precision and strength in the finished crankshaft.



3 At the precise instant when the steel is the right temperature for bending without straining the "flow lines" of the metal, the machine automatically forms the bar into crank shape. The simple, "continuous cycle" Electro-Forging operation is now completed.



4 After Electro-Forging, the crank is micrometer-checked for accuracy on this test bench. Using the old method, all cranks had to be straightened mechanically after forging. Electro-Forging not only saves time, but results in a stronger, more durable crankshaft to "stand the gaff" of heavy service.



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(Surname) (Christian Name)

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

EDUCATION (by grade and province).....

.....AGE.....

CAF-7-52-M

Royal Canadian Air Force

They'll Move Anything

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

you would have been as far south as the Gulf of Mexico and as far west as the Mississippi."

The company believes, though it is hard to prove, that it was the first in the business with a packing service, which allows the customers merely to put on their hats and coats and walk out of the house. When they go to their new home everything has been unpacked and placed in its proper place.

Management and drivers still give conflicting reports on what happened on such a job some time ago when the men found the sink piled high with dirty dishes at the house being vacated. People in the office quietly affirm that the men washed the dishes. Men on the vans declare that the dishes were carefully packed, as found, and just as carefully piled in the sink of the new house.

The ultimate in packing jobs was reached not long ago when an eastern Hill office received a key from Vancouver with an accompanying note saying the owners had gone to British Columbia for a holiday and—"we like it here, so have decided to stay. Please enter with enclosed key, pack everything and bring it out here."

The packing service is now in such demand that Hills have a few men whose job it is to scour the countryside for barrels and tea cases, the best containers for household moving. Newspaper is still the best protection for dishes and similar ware. Hills keep a few women's church organizations and boy scout troops under constant subsidy to gather newspapers, cut them into single sheets and roll them into neat bundles.

Commercial firms often call on Hill the Mover to crate goods when special problems arise. They were once asked to crate two million bottle caps, of the kind used on pop bottles, being sent to Shanghai. They were puzzled by the request until the shippers explained that they wanted the caps so packed that waterfront pilferers in Shanghai (always a major nuisance in Chinese trade) would not be able to steal any. The solution was simple. All two million caps were packed in one huge case; weight, five tons. There was no pilfering.

An Ottawa doctor going to Tanganyika called in Hills to do his packing for the journey. They were asked to keep in mind that the last stage would be by native porters. The doctor's furniture, clothing, books and instruments were so packed that each case weighed the same and had the same centre of balance.

Office moving has been perfected to the stage where it is now called a blueprint move. Such large firms as Dominion Rubber, and Manufacturers Life, have had their entire offices moved by this painless method. A blueprint is made of the premoving arrangement, with each desk, cabinet and wastepaper basket marked in place. A second set of prints shows where each piece is to go in the new quarters. The Hill men come in on a Friday afternoon and are handed the prints. The office staff returns to work at the new premises on Monday morning. "The only difference they notice is that the view from the window has changed," is the boast of a Hill executive. In 1930 the company moved McMaster University from Toronto to Hamilton.

Hills literally brought a new industry to Canada thirty years ago. They moved all furniture of the Firestone Company's key personnel, as well as

much of their plant equipment from Akron, Ohio, when that firm planted its Canadian offshoot on the shore of Hamilton Bay. When International Petroleum moved to Coral Gables, Fla., last August, Hill the Mover was called in for the job. The furniture and belongings of forty employees and all the office furniture were stowed into thirty of the largest vans to make a gay cavalcade to the gulf. Total claims against Hills for breakages were less than two hundred dollars.

Indicative of the varied life of a mover was a phone call from a Toronto woman while the above contract was under way. "I wish to have my piano moved," she said. "Where to, ma'am?" she was asked. "To the other side of the room." A man was sent to her home. "You have to satisfy such requests, though it means a loss," president Joseph Atwell points out. "You never know when she might want all her furniture moved to the other side of the continent."

Merely pleasing a customer resulted in a four-hundred-mile airplane flight recently in connection with a Hamilton-Montreal job. The furniture was nearly all antique and, quite understandably, was highly prized by the owner. A few years ago she had moved from Toronto to Hamilton and had been impressed with the care Bert Jay, the driver, had shown. When preparing to move to Montreal she had remembered Jay's name and asked that he again be placed in charge. Jay, who is now vice-president of the firm, obligingly shed his pin stripe, donned worker's clothes and went over to Hamilton to oversee the packing and loading. When the van reached Montreal Jay was back in his Toronto office. Then the trouble started. The crew in Montreal phoned to say that the customer would not allow them to take anything out of the van unless Jay were present; to verify this turn of events the customer herself cut in to say that Jay would have to be there before a single article of furniture was touched, and where had he got to, anyway? Assurances from Atwell and Jay that unloading was not nearly as tricky a job as packing and loading, and that the men at her curb were just as capable as Jay in any case, were both unavailing. So Jay wearily replaced the receiver, hurried out to the airport and flew to Montreal where he soothed the customer while the regular crew went about the job of unloading.

The company's gross earnings indicate a total of more than \$1,250,000 for 1952. Today it is the only Canadian firm which can pick up a load at your curb, in their own van, and carry it without its being transferred to the van of any other organization to any point in North America, except offshore places such as Newfoundland, Vancouver Island or Prince Edward Island. No United States movers are licensed for all eight Canadian mainland provinces, so Hills provide a unique continental service.

A Hill driver claims to have made ecclesiastical history in Quebec in 1949 when the company transported a \$135,000 art collection from various points in the province to Detroit, Cleveland, Boston and New York. In order to pick up some early handmade French furniture the moving men became the first males in centuries to enter a convent northeast of Montreal. Last spring the Royal Ontario Museum's famous collection of Chinese art was entrusted to Hills for shipment as a loan exhibition to Detroit.

In 1946 Hill the Mover carried the first household moving from Toronto to Winnipeg by an all-Canadian route. The following year they went into

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--GUY LOMBARDO



The popular leader of the Royal Canadians, one of North America's favorite dance orchestras, a native of London, Ontario, has long been a foremost figure in American power boat racing. The former Gold Cup Trophy winner and the number one power boating driver in 1948 piloted his Champion-equipped TEMPO VI to decisive victories in both the 1950 and 1951 National Sweepstakes Trophy Races.

FLASH...

The 1952 Gold Cup Race at Seattle on August 9 was won by Slo-mo-shun IV, equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. Fastest lap, 101.024 miles per hour, was made by Miss Pepsi, another user of Champions. The latter boat was also winner of this year's Canadian Maple Leaf Trophy at Windsor, Ontario, speeding fastest lap at 97.350 miles per hour.

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Vancouver; the next year they made the longest road haul possible on this continent, from Sydney to Vancouver, a distance of forty-four hundred miles. "The first time into Vancouver saw us return with an empty van. They didn't believe we were coming in the first place and no agent would bother to book a return load," a traffic department employee says. "Now, household moving by motor van is the recognized method from coast to coast."

Hills are still mystified by the customer who gave their east-west business such a good start. "We went down to Washington and picked up this load—an average houseful of furniture," Cameron Anderson, now Hills' Hamilton manager, relates. "We settled him in Toronto and in two weeks had an order to take everything to Winnipeg. Less than a month later it was all brought back to Toronto and within another two months it had all gone back to Winnipeg." The mystery man and his family followed all moves in a Cadillac.

The only complete, one-flight household moving job by air in this country was done in 1948 when Hills moved the contents of a six-room house at Caledonia, Ont., including a piano, to Winnipeg. The furniture was hauled from Caledonia to Malton airport, transferred to a C47, chartered specially for the job, and twelve hours later put down at Winnipeg airport. The aerial move was undertaken partly to meet the demands of a customer who wanted his belongings to be on hand as quickly as he could get there himself, and partly as a stunt. Though it has not been tried since it has not been forgotten at the Hill offices. "The cost is high," Atwell explains, "but long-distance moving by air is definitely going to be a regular service in this country. Like a lot of other things it is just a matter of time, but it is coming."

Present Hill rates for long-distance moving are based on a flat rate per hundredweight. For example it costs thirteen dollars for each hundred pounds moved between Toronto and Winnipeg. For city moving a flat hourly rate is charged depending on the number of men and size of truck.

Times have changed in the moving business as in most others. "People no longer ask if they can stow their dogs, cats and canaries in with the load," a veteran driver says. "But they still ask if they can wedge in too, on long-distance jobs—the whole family if we'd let them. Of course, that's strictly forbidden."

There are still people who want the

contents of the coal bin taken with the load. This was done once, years ago. The coal was bagged and, although placed on the bottom of the load, the jiggling distributed such a complete covering of coal dust on every article in the van that everything had to be cleaned before being taken into the new house. This story is related whenever a customer makes a similar request and is always forceful enough to dissuade the frugal.

Many people have the wrong idea of a mover's qualifications. "Bull strength is the least of their requirements," Bert Jay says. "We have dozens of men weighing no more than one sixty who can team up and toss a baby grand piano around the way you would a box of cigars. That part of it is pure knack. The qualities we stress are care and courtesy. It's the men on the vans who can make or break a moving firm."

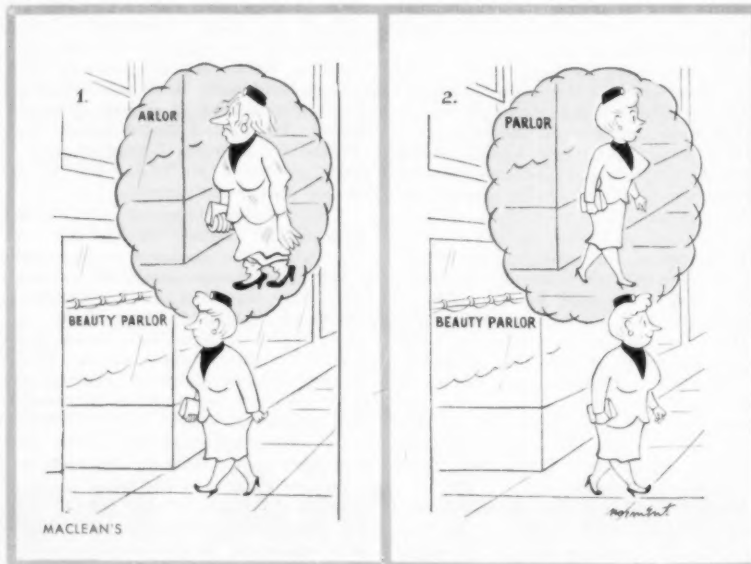
Those men are, of course, as fallible as the rest of humanity and breakages sometimes occur—when that happens Hill's adjustment office is ready to swing into action.

One of the few times Jay has been disappointed with a man was when an enterprising driver, several years ago, was caught trying to smuggle a van load of Chinese to the United States. No one has bothered to check on him recently but it is still thought that he is in penitentiary.

Along with the knack of lifting, a man soon develops a sixth sense for cubic measure. Experienced men can take a quick walk through a house then go out to the van and draw a chalk mark down the inside walls where the load will end. All moving men will have the front end of their van loaded, from floor to roof when the load is half on, and the exposed side will look as though it has been sliced down with a knife.

Care, certainly, is needed on a job such as the one in Toronto last year when a crew arrived at a home to find that all the furniture was made of glass.

Care too was needed—and perhaps something else—when a crew from Hamilton loaded a van in Detroit three years ago. After a couple of rooms had been cleared the men bent over to grasp an oblong box. "Please be especially careful with that one," the woman ordered. "My husband's in it." Fortunately the men didn't laugh; they didn't even drop it. When the load was opened in Hamilton for customs inspection the box was found to contain a male skeleton. It was her husband, sure enough. ★



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*Mr. G. Decelles, manager of the Household Finance office at
1821 Mount Royal Avenue E., Montreal.*



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"Naturally they were interested in the charges for a \$100 loan. I told them that Household Finance charges only 2% per month *applied to the unpaid balance*. In other words, a loan of \$100 for twelve months would *not* cost \$24. The maximum charge would be \$13.52—less if repaid sooner. I explained that this rate was established as fair to both borrower and lender after several years of careful study by Parliamentary Committees.

"These charges reflect HFC's policy, which is and will continue to be 'lowest possible rates consistent with reasonable profits.'

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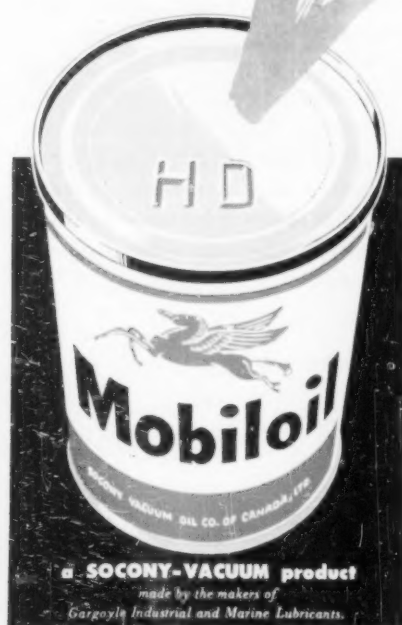
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The Last Days of Harry Cassidy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

All his life Cassidy who, at the time of his death was director of the University of Toronto School of Social Work, had been a social reformer, a passionate crusader for the betterment of his fellow man. He worked literally until he drew his last breath to ensure his work would go on.

There was unfinished business to be tidied up. He summoned to his bedside, from all over the country, a long list of university colleagues, leaders of private and government welfare agencies. They knew that he was dying. They approached the sick room afraid that they might add their sadness to his own. But once at his bedside their fear dissolved. Cassidy had no time to waste on self-pity. He dismissed his condition with the remark, "You know my condition. The chips are down. My only regret is that there's still so much to be done..." From then on, Cassidy's whole interest was focused on the visitor—his interests, his work, his future plans.

He was weak and in pain. He was kept alive only by saline and dextrose solutions fed through tubes inserted in the veins of his arm. Another tube was inserted in his nose to drain his stomach. Yet, in spite of all this, his spirit was so serene, so powerful and so optimistic that he gave no impression of physical illness.

Dr. Al Rose, a university colleague, recalls, "I kept wishing that if this was happening to me I could be half as strong. Here was a man dying and he was thinking of me, wishing good things for me. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before." Soon after visiting Cassidy, Professor Alan Klein observed to a friend, "I have just been in the presence of a great man."

Harry Cassidy had never belonged to any church; his beliefs never conformed to any conventional doctrine or dogma. Yet, till the very last, he had to face his doubts honestly. He told his friend William Jenkins, minister of the First Unitarian Congregation, Toronto, "Religion is one of the things that I'll have to leave in the category of unfinished business." He had an unshakable belief in the goodness of man and the existence of a cosmic force for good, but he couldn't accept the conventional belief in God or immortality. He frequently discussed religion with his visitors, many of whom

were outstanding university scholars and philosophers. But shortly before dying he confessed to his wife, "I always seem to come back to where I was." In the closing days Bea Cassidy detected a certain wistfulness in her husband—a desire to believe more. But by now he was too weak to pursue the matter in long discussion.

Jenkins, as well as others who knew him, regarded Cassidy as a deeply spiritual person who had lived out his life in accordance with the highest ethical principles of religion. At twenty-four Cassidy had written, "I am keenly interested in social reform. I know where I want to get... but I am by no means certain of the path which I shall be satisfied to take." Within ten years he had chosen his path. It was to be social work, a new profession which scientifically trains people to provide social-welfare services to those in need of them. Cassidy taught, lectured, administered, advised, wrote, organized and did research. To him social work was "a great battle in the cause of human welfare," and "putting into practice the doctrine of the brotherhood of man." His convictions grew even stronger during his final days. Thumping the bed with his hand, he said, "It's a crusade—like a fiery cross." There were tears in his eyes. "I can't put it into words—I'm no orator."

Cassidy was the son of a farmer, born near Vancouver in 1900. After graduation from high school he joined the army and had just succeeded in reaching the front lines in France when it was discovered that he was only sixteen. Hurried back to England, he was placed in the "Boy's Battalion" and later transferred to the Royal Flying Corps as a pilot. By the time the war ended he was eighteen and a lieutenant.

Back home he graduated from the University of British Columbia and a few years later, married Beatrice Pearce, a public-health nurse, who was to share and encourage his interest in social-welfare work. He was a brilliant scholar and was awarded a graduate scholarship in economics to the University of California. After receiving his doctorate from the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics, Washington, D.C., he taught at the University of North Carolina and Rutgers University. In 1929 he went to the University of Toronto as professor of social science.

Jobs were always looking for him. He was called to British Columbia to become director of social welfare; he went to the University of California to become dean of social welfare; later



"Is that the right fuse dear?"

he was put in charge of training administrative personnel for UNRRA. But he always returned to Canada. "I'm a Canadian and I want to remain one," he explained. "It's easier for good ideas, when properly developed, to become public policy in Canada."

He returned to the University of Toronto in 1945 to become director of the School of Social Work. In the six years that followed he raised it from a third-rate school with a handful of students to one of the top-ranking institutions of its kind on the continent. At one time or another he was adviser to all three major political parties on welfare matters. The federal Department of National Health and Welfare sought his guidance. For them he prepared a thick black loose-leaf folder, A Canadian Program of Social Security; it is frequently consulted by top officials in the department. His lectures, articles and books influenced social legislation. A year before his death the United Nations sent him to Egypt to advise them on the organization of social services.

Cassidy felt the first symptoms of his disease early in 1949. From time to time he suffered mild pains in his side. When a thorough examination revealed a glandular swelling he was given appropriate treatment and placed on a special diet. The pain seemed to disappear for several months, then reappeared with increasing severity. In Jan. 1950 an X-ray revealed a bowel tumor, and a surgical operation was ordered. Later the surgeon told Cassidy, "It was a malignant growth. It may come back. You might live for another two to five years; on the other hand you might die of a heart attack at ninety."

Cassidy shared this secret only with his wife. Optimists by nature, the Cassidys felt the odds were in favor of a long life. But they felt certain preparations should be made. One of them was that Bea Cassidy started to build up a real-estate business so that she could earn her own living if the need arose. Another was that Harry should continue to live as full a life as possible.

Following a period of convalescence Cassidy resumed his busy professional and social life. There were lectures, articles, reports to be prepared. He attended dinners like those for Charlotte Whitton, the Mayor of Ottawa, and Dr. W. J. Dunlop who was retiring from the staff of the university.

On March 29 Cassidy's close friend, Professor Charles Hendry, and his wife dropped in for a drink while on their way downtown to celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Cassidy insisted on playing them a record that he and Bea had made the previous August when they had celebrated their own twenty-fifth anniversary. The children were scattered all over the country and this was the way of reuniting them for the occasion. In the record the Cassidys described what they had done that day—a few sets of tennis, some shopping and a banquet dinner. They recalled their wedding day. They had been married on August 1, at eight o'clock in the morning. "We used to tell our friends," he said, "that we were going to be married early in August." On the morning of each wedding anniversary it was Cassidy's practice to send Bea a letter renewing the marriage contract. On this occasion, he said, he was so satisfied with the existing arrangement that he would like to renew the contract for another twenty-five-year term. As a gift he had commissioned artist Charles Comfort to paint a portrait of his wife. When Bea protested, he recalled the little boy in a Mexican village who had said to her, "Lady,

you are beautiful. I will always remember your face." Cassidy commented: "That's the face I want hanging in my living room." He ended the broadcast by saying, "We hope you kids have as much fun with the people you live with as we've had together during the past twenty-five years."

By May 1951 Cassidy was again plagued by ill-health. Because he thought it might be of value to others he started to keep a little black diary, which he titled, Notes on the Illness of Harry M. Cassidy, in which the details of his sickness are carefully

noted. While in Washington from May 14 to 17 interviewing prospects to teach medical social work he recorded: "The pain keeps sending me back to the hotel..." Describing his difficulties in New York later he said, "It was like a nightmare; I don't know how I can travel any more."

In June he received a momentous appointment from the United Nations: to go to Burma for one year, starting Sept. 15, and co-ordinate all UN social and economic activities there. His symptoms now took the form of severe back pains, resembling arthritis. His

physician, Dr. Jacob Markowitz, strongly suspected that this might be the secondary characteristics of cancer but he felt he couldn't say anything about it. The X-ray plates showed nothing. As Markowitz later explained, "Nothing makes a patient more indignant than to be wrongly told that he has cancer."

In spite of the extreme discomfort Cassidy continued his professional activities. Although he had a temperature of 101 in mid-June he threw a cocktail party for officers of the Unemployment Insurance Commission

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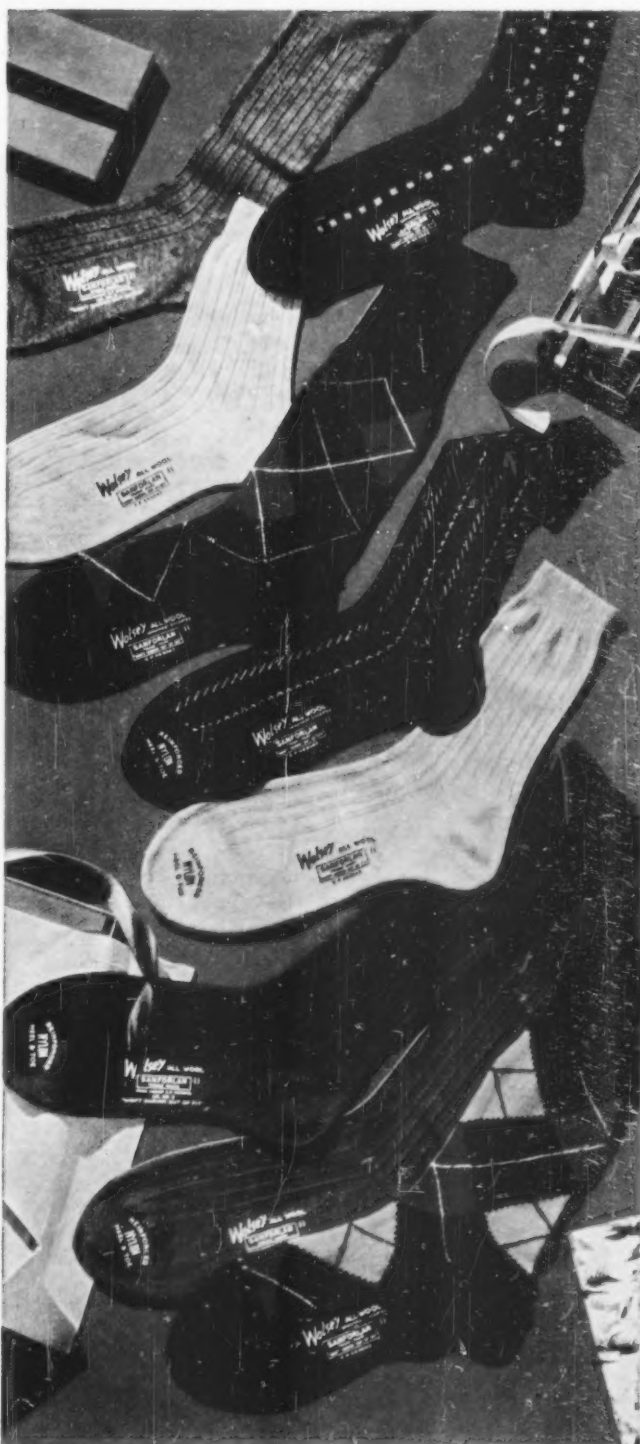
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who were attending a summer course at the school. He moved to his summer lodge, a delightful red frame cottage situated on a peninsula on Lake Muskoka, in the hope of improving his health. But it didn't help. On June 30 he recorded, "I am generally free of pain in the mornings when I am working, then I have to take aspirin . . . at night I have to call for one or two codein tablets to settle me after two or three hours of tossing." When he found it difficult to sleep he put boards under his mattress; later he tried sleeping on the floor. His assistant at the school, Sophie Boyd, presented him with a reclining chair. Soon, most of the night was spent restlessly going between his bed and his chair. A little later he was writing, "I need codein each morning . . . and more codein to get to sleep . . . the pain is much worse."

But still he wouldn't give up the idea of going to Burma. He summoned Prof. Charles Hendry, who was going to act in his place, to meet him at the school on the last day of July. The two men were alone in the staff room. Then, Hendry recalls, Cassidy did a strange thing. He carefully shut the door and then, despite the pain in his back, got up on a chair and closed the transom. Slipping into a comfortable seat he said, "Chick, it was cancer I had. I've got to tell you because it's the only way you'll understand why I'm going to Burma. My time is limited and this is one big job I can still do."

On Aug. 27 the diary continues: "The doctor is optimistic. He thought I could be fixed up in time for Burma. I am taking deep X-ray therapy for my back three times a week." But in a few days his hopes faded. His pain became agonizing, his voice weak. On Sept. 2 he wrote, after another medical check-up, "I can't take on a new enterprise at this time. Bea agrees with me." This decision was one of the greatest disappointments of his life.

He was now on leave from the school. The malady was tentatively diagnosed as Marie Strumfeld's disease—a type of arthritis that ultimately leaves the back rigid. By now Cassidy was spending most of the time on his couch in the study of his home in Rosedale. His legs started swelling, making walking even more difficult. He had trouble keeping his food down. He could no longer enjoy a drink before dinner. On Sept. 15 he noted, "Aspirin plus codein but still can't sleep . . . flowers, messages, phone calls from many kind friends." On Monday, Sept. 24, his condition became so acute that he was admitted to the Toronto General Hospital.

This time Dr. Ray Farquharson and Dr. Jacob Markowitz could state with certainty that the cancer had returned. It was blocking the intestine which made it impossible to take nourishment in the normal manner. For the time being, they told Bea Cassidy, her husband could be kept alive only by the continuous intravenous feeding of saline and dextrose solutions. But one thing was certain—death was only a short time off.

Mrs. Cassidy almost broke down under the strain of the next few weeks. She knew her husband would soon die, while he didn't. She could face illness and she could face death but she could not endure this new artificial relationship with her husband. "All our life we faced problems and made decisions together," she says. "Now a barrier of pretense arose between us." At times the make-believe became particularly difficult. Once Cassidy recalled an incident from the early days of their marriage, when they had planned a trip to Bermuda. It had been repeatedly postponed. "Let's go

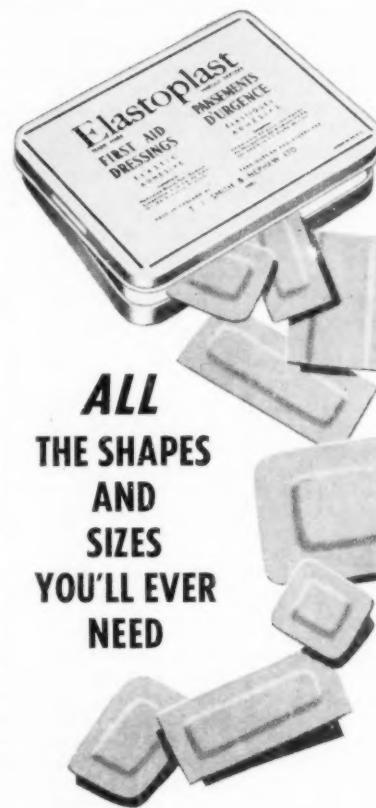
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as soon as I'm better," he urged. They phoned the travel agency to send a batch of literature to the hospital and, together, they minutely planned a trip that she knew would never take place.

Bea confided to the doctors that she felt disloyal to her husband in keeping the secret from him. They reassured her: they were, by implication, slowly telling him the truth which he already suspected. Bea says, "I think Harry knew that he was going to die when he entered the hospital. But he didn't let on. It was his way of protecting me."

On the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 10, Farquharson felt his patient was ready to be told. While the doctor was making his daily morning visit Cassidy asked: "Is it a return of the old condition?"

"Yes," replied Farquharson.

"How long have I got to go?"

"A week. Two weeks. Perhaps three weeks..."

Cassidy paled. That was when he said, "Thank you for telling me. There's less time left than I thought."

Bea, occupied with many of the responsibilities that had been suddenly thrust upon her, was not at the hospital on the morning that her husband received the news. It was not until four o'clock that she reached his bedside. He appeared to be cheerful. "I've been trying to get you by phone," he said. "The doctor has told me. But I'm not finished yet. There are things I must do."

A tremendous burden had been lifted from her shoulders. "Now that we were facing something definite together the whole pattern of our life changed," she says. "We got pencil and paper and planned for the future."

In the next twenty-three days about seventy people made their way to the sickroom. Some were summoned by the sick man, others were friends and acquaintances who wanted to see him. Bea reassured the visitors by telling them her husband knew the truth and that they could talk as honestly as they wanted to. Then she would bring them into the room and depart. "I didn't want to spoil the privacy of Harry's interviews," she says.

Bea also spent long hours rushing off letters to friends all over the United States and Canada. "Harry is dying and he knows it," she wrote. "He would like to hear from you. Write as frankly as possible. Tell him of your plans." In the days that followed the response was amazing.

Scores of letters poured in from cabinet ministers, university presidents, students, stenographers, laborers—all friends or colleagues. The Cassidy's were to hold sessions two or three times a day, during which Bea read the letters aloud. These letters were one of the greatest comforts to Cassidy during his dying days. "What came through to him," says Bea, "was that he had helped a lot of people during his lifetime and that a lot of people loved him."

But, before arranging for the visits of outsiders, Cassidy wanted to make sure there would be a lot of time for his family. The Cassidy's had always been a close family unit, used to working together. They would come to a joint decision on how to spend their holidays. On long automobile trips to California, British Columbia and Maine each would have a definite responsibility—driving, caring for the maps, handling the money, or keeping a diary. When Cassidy held a student seminar at his home the door would be answered by Michael, while Bea and the girls would later serve the refreshments. The children had a full share in planning their future. Once, Jane wanted to change from Bishop Strachan, a private school, to Jarvis Collegiate, a public high school. She was advised to write out all the arguments pro and con, then to discuss them with her parents. In support of her suggestion Jane pointed out that she would prefer to spend the private-school fees on music lessons; furthermore, the collegiate would give her the opportunity of meeting a much wider section of the community. She won.

Cassidy had long conversations with his wife, recalling the past and all the happy times they had had together. They reread old letters—letters from the courting days when Beatrice Pearce was a young nurse. He discussed her future—finance, housing, and a host of other practical details. They planned how the family should spend the coming Christmas: not at home, this first Christmas alone, but up at a skiing lodge in Muskoka. Together, they planned a trip for the family to British Columbia where both of them have many relatives and friends. They discussed funeral arrangements. They finally decided that the services should be conducted by Dr. Arthur Cushman McGiffert, president of the Chicago Theological Seminary, who was an old friend. The Cassidy's and the McGiffert's lived next door to each other in California. Their families—each of them had three children—used to spend Christmas and Thanksgiving together.

He was to see the children separately, as well as collectively, several times. Jane says, "I wanted to see him but I was frightened." She was comforted to find her father serene and confident—just as if he was preparing to take another of his many trips away from home. Sensing her tenseness he said, "Cry if you want to." She sobbed and tears moistened her father's eyes. Just then there was a knock on the hospital door. "This place is as bad as my office," said Cassidy. "They don't even give us enough time to have a good cry together." After the interruption they talked about Jane's school work and her career. He was pleased that she would be studying social work at the school he had helped build. He spoke of the family's life without him. It might be that Bea would want to remarry some day. "Give her your

Continued on page 45



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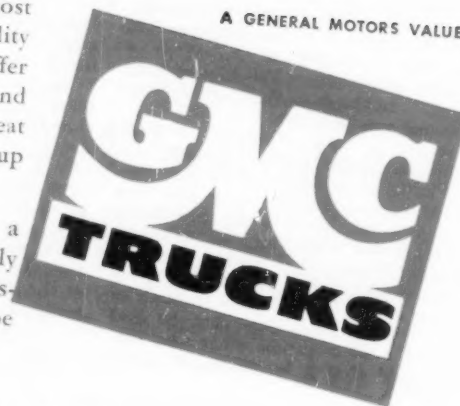
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Continued from page 43
support if she does," he said. "Especially make sure to explain things to Mikey. He's young—he might not understand." In parting he told Jane: "Don't grieve for me. I've lived my life, and it's been a good life. It's yourself and the family you have to think of."

He saw Norah and Michael. Michael expressed an interest in becoming a doctor. He encouraged him and expressed confidence in his ability. "But be the kind of doctor that treats the mind as well as the body," he advised him. "Treat the whole person."

Cassidy was to see his family as a group four times. In his professorial manner he referred to these gatherings as his "family seminars." The talk at these sessions covered a wide variety of themes. One of them, which was held on a Sunday, was later referred to by Cassidy as his "Sunday school." Bea read the Sermon from the Mount as well as other passages from the scriptures that expressed his social philosophy:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy . . .

He spoke of his own private concept of God: "All that is good and beautiful." He raised the question whether he had given his children enough formal religious training. He had tried to do two things for them: help them to think for themselves, and instill in them a strong moral and ethical sense. His children reassured him. Only a short time before, Jane, on her own volition, had decided to join the Unitarian church. Michael was interested in the same congregation while Norah was attending the Anglican church. As for Cassidy, he recalled the time when he had been a naval lieutenant. He had been ordered to study the Eskimos, his plans. At that point he recalled an outside job he had secured for Teicher. "Have you ever heard of it yet?" Teicher asked him. "I'll tell Sophie about it," he said. (Sophie Boyd, executive secretary of the school.) Teicher was present before Cassidy died.

He received Stuart Jaffary, a lanky Albertan who taught penology

boy," he said. "And Bea—wind up my bed and get me my pipe. This is a time for celebration."

"Within a split second," Hendry recalls, "I was completely at ease."

Cassidy took the initiative in the conversation. "I suppose Bea has told you all. It's a great disappointment because there are so many things I wanted to do." For the next two hours the two men talked about the future of the school. Foremost in Cassidy's mind was a seventy-five-page memo he had only recently finished which described a plan to make the school into a centre for research in social welfare. As he often used to say, "Real progress in helping people can only come with research. You've got to get the facts." It was his greatest regret, he said, that he would not be able to translate this blueprint into a reality. He was cheered when Hendry promised to finish the job.

He then turned the talk to Hendry. Five years earlier Cassidy had induced Hendry, who was born in Ottawa, to relinquish an important job in New York and return to Canada. "Are you sorry you came?" Cassidy wanted to know. He discussed Hendry's professional future and the problems that would await him as director of the school. They parted, Hendry promising to return in a few days.

In developing the school Cassidy had scoured far and wide to find his teaching staff. He had managed to assemble a brilliant group of young men and women who were attracted by his dynamic personality and leadership. Now he wanted to see them. He felt a deep responsibility for them. He also wanted to encourage them, for it was only through them that his work could go on.

One of these was Morton Teicher, an American in his early thirties, who had been brought here to organize a teaching program in psychiatric social work. Bea escorted him into the room. As she was leaving, the tubes upon which the sick man's life depended became blocked. He called her back. "She'll get it going," he said wryly. "If she doesn't—we're going to be in trouble." From then on the whole interview was concerned with Teicher's work, his projected trip to the Eskimos, his plans. At that point he recalled an outside job he had secured for Teicher. "Have you ever heard of it yet?" Teicher asked him. "I'll tell Sophie about it," he said. (Sophie Boyd, executive secretary of the school.) Teicher was present before Cassidy died.

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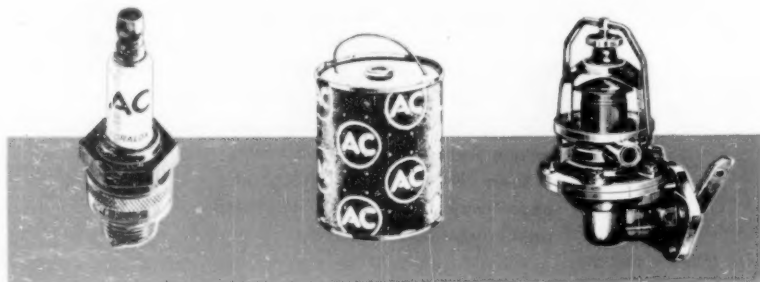
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at the school. "He gave you the feeling that you put yourself out by coming," says Jaffary. Cassidy told him that earlier he had believed he had two years to go; now "the cleaning-up process" would have to be completed in a matter of days. Jaffary has done a considerable amount of work in improving penal conditions—work that was, in part, jointly planned with Cassidy. The sick man told him that he must continue his efforts, since the happiness of thousands of unfortunates depended upon it.

When Cassidy listed a number of things he had not had time to finish Jaffary suggested that he look at the other side of the coin: he had been endowed with great mental and physical capacity and he had put them to good use. "What you have accomplished in your lifetime has been extraordinary," Jaffary told him. Cassidy brushed aside the praise. He had never stopped to congratulate himself on what had been done. He was always eager to push forward to the next task—often with a haste that exasperated some colleagues. After an hour Jaffary made a move to go. Cassidy said, "Stay . . . there's no hurry." Ten minutes later, when the time for final parting came, Cassidy held Jaffary's hand in his for a long time in a tight embrace. "It was a personal gesture—but something more," says Jaffary. "It was a gesture that his work would now have to be handed on to others. It was a conveying of trust and responsibility."

In spite of his weariness and pain the visits continued; on some days there would be as many as eight visitors. One of his doctors observed, "I've never seen anyone so close to death who had such tremendous vitality and such a zest for living." At one point, when he felt that he was falling behind in his schedule because of fatigue, he appealed to his doctors. They responded by including large quantities of vitamin B in his intravenous solution. This gave him renewed strength.

A pattern for each day emerged. His wife would come to the hospital each morning at eight and stay in or near the hospital room all day. Brushing aside the shadow under which she lived she managed to buoy the spirits of the sorrowing visitors before they approached the bedside. As she left the room after escorting visitors in Cassidy would give her a wink followed by a broad smile. During the times they had together between visits he often told her, "You have a much harder role than I."

By now letters flooded in from all over the continent and from overseas. Bea's reading of the mail became a highlight of the day. "Having friends who care at a time like this is a great comfort," said the sick man.

A moving letter came from his old friend Arthur Cushman McGiffert, the theologian. It read in part, "How I have wished I could be with you. I have sorrowed for you and Bea; and raged at what is occurring . . . One of the great phrases in the liturgy of religion goes something like this: 'In the presence of death we have learned the larger meaning of life.' The sentimental and superficial elements in our culture have tended to make us scared to death of death and to push it out of our thoughts as an unwelcome intruder . . . But here you are, our choice and dear friend, going through the deeply shadowed valley. Do you find it yields new perspectives? . . ."

Cassidy was deeply touched by a letter from the caretakers and charwomen of the old Economics Building on Bloor Street West, where the school of Social Work is located. They wrote: "We have been in touch with your

staff constantly . . . We are all very sorry to learn of your illness. We will always remember the interest you had at all times in our welfare and also in our labor problems. When we found it hard going we could always depend on you for advice. Good-bye for now, dear friend—hoping you have a peaceful rest. We will always remember you."

A neighbor sent a potpourri of flora with a note attached: "A little green boxwood from the sunny side of the hedge at the community church . . . some blue asters and daisies from the field by the river at the bottom of the bridge . . . Red barberry from Vi's doorway all scarlet in the late sun. One small marigold from the gateway of a prominent member of the Liberal Party who was so busy working towards the next election that he didn't see me . . . One green rosette from the lawn of the only man in the street who knows a middle-class value when he sees one . . . and a few of next year's buds and this year's berries from the vine on the front of the house from a couple of characters who think you both a couple of very swell guys . . ."

He continued to receive visits from his university colleagues. For two hours he talked with Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto, about the school and its future; the need to develop research. Later Smith said, "I have seen men die on the battlefield but Harry Cassidy was the greatest hero of them all. He taught me a lesson I will never forget." He parted from John Morgan, an Oxford-educated associate with the salutation, "Good luck and good-bye . . . it's been fun knowing you."

With another staff member, Dr. John Machell, the talk quickly turned to religion. This was not unexpected, since before he entered social work Machell had graduated from the Hartford Theological Seminary. Cassidy told him that he found it hard to believe in personal survival. "Survival in personal influence, yes; but not in personal survival," Machell replied. "In the sight of God the kind of religion you have is the most important kind of all. Your life has been spent helping people." Machell went on to say that if we lived good lives that kind of living would be taken into consideration.

"Then you believe in selective survival—that the good will be rewarded?" asked Cassidy wistfully. Machell said he didn't know. Cassidy said, "I must have a strong faith or I couldn't go through this." Deeply moved, that night Machell wrote the dying man a letter which ended:

I must not write you too long or I will tire you too much. Let me close by saying quite simply that I thank our Eternal Father for the life of His servant Harry, who is and forever will be restlessly and courageously eager to help his fellow man at any cost of mind and body.

Cassidy's curiosity and interest in the matter of religious faith continued. One of his visitors was Rachel Denison, a close family friend with whom the Cassidys had once shared a duplex dwelling. A voracious reader she would often discuss philosophical ideas with Cassidy. She recalls that a year earlier, in the Denison living room over cocktails, the question was posed, "Is life worth living if there is nothing beyond?" Cassidy's reply was, "Yes, this is enough." In the long discussion that followed the dying man revealed that he had not moved much beyond his lifelong position. "There is a cosmic force for good. Man's purpose was to do good and to add to the sum total of good in the world." But there was

regret in his voice—regret that he hadn't enquired into the matter of religious faith more searchingly when he was in full possession of his physical powers. He told another friend, Mrs. Roland Michener, who is completing her studies for a doctorate in philosophy at the University of Toronto: "I've been too busy for philosophy. The question of where do we go from here is fundamental. If death weren't so sudden I would have found time to figure things out."

The sick man felt that his strength was slipping away. But there was still work to be done so he again appealed to his doctors. They put a daily quantity of caffeine, a stimulant, into his solution, to enable him to receive more visitors. He summoned a group of six young men, members of the Liberal Party of Ontario, who had induced him to run for the leadership of the party a year earlier. With the fortunes of the party at a low ebb there was little immediate prospect of success. But Cassidy accepted the challenge because he saw participation in politics as another avenue for bringing about social reform. The suggestion to enter politics originally came from Mackenzie King, soon after the latter had retired from political life. Although he announced his candidature only a few weeks before a leader was to be chosen Cassidy surprised everyone by almost capturing the leadership from old and established political stalwarts. His intelligence, sincerity and erudition had made a very deep impression. Now he was urging the young men to stick together, to become a "ginger group" working for progressive liberalism in Ontario.

"His main concern," says Barney Danson, one of the group, "was to encourage us. He didn't even discuss himself." Later, noting that the Ontario elections were not to be held for another month, he said to a friend, "I wish there was some way of contacting this world. I'm very anxious to know the results."

On Sunday, Oct. 14, he received a visit from a friend, Dr. George Davidson, Deputy-Minister of the Department of National Health and Welfare. They had been to college together; they had worked closely on government welfare matters. When Davidson stepped into the sickroom in the morning Cassidy was drowsy from the sedatives he had been receiving. He apologized. "Sorry I can't make it now, George," he said. "Try me again later." That evening, in the dusk, with the lights turned off, the two old friends talked. Old times were recalled. "Harry was taking out bits of his past life and examining them like treasures," says Davidson. They talked about the country's future social security needs.

Many of the men who spoke to Cassidy during his last days received the impression that his conviction about his life's work was so strong that he was using his death to ensure its continuation in the future. Perhaps this was what Cassidy was referring to a few days later when he confided to a friend, "I seem to be accomplishing more by dying than by living."

Three nights later, back in Ottawa, Davidson called at the home of his chief, the Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare. In spite of prolonged ringing of the doorbell no one answered. Davidson opened the door and walked into the house. There he found Martin sitting in the dark in his study, like one transfixed. Roused by Davidson, Martin explained, "I've just had a most unbelievable experience. I've been talking to Harry Cassidy."

Martin stated that, upon hearing

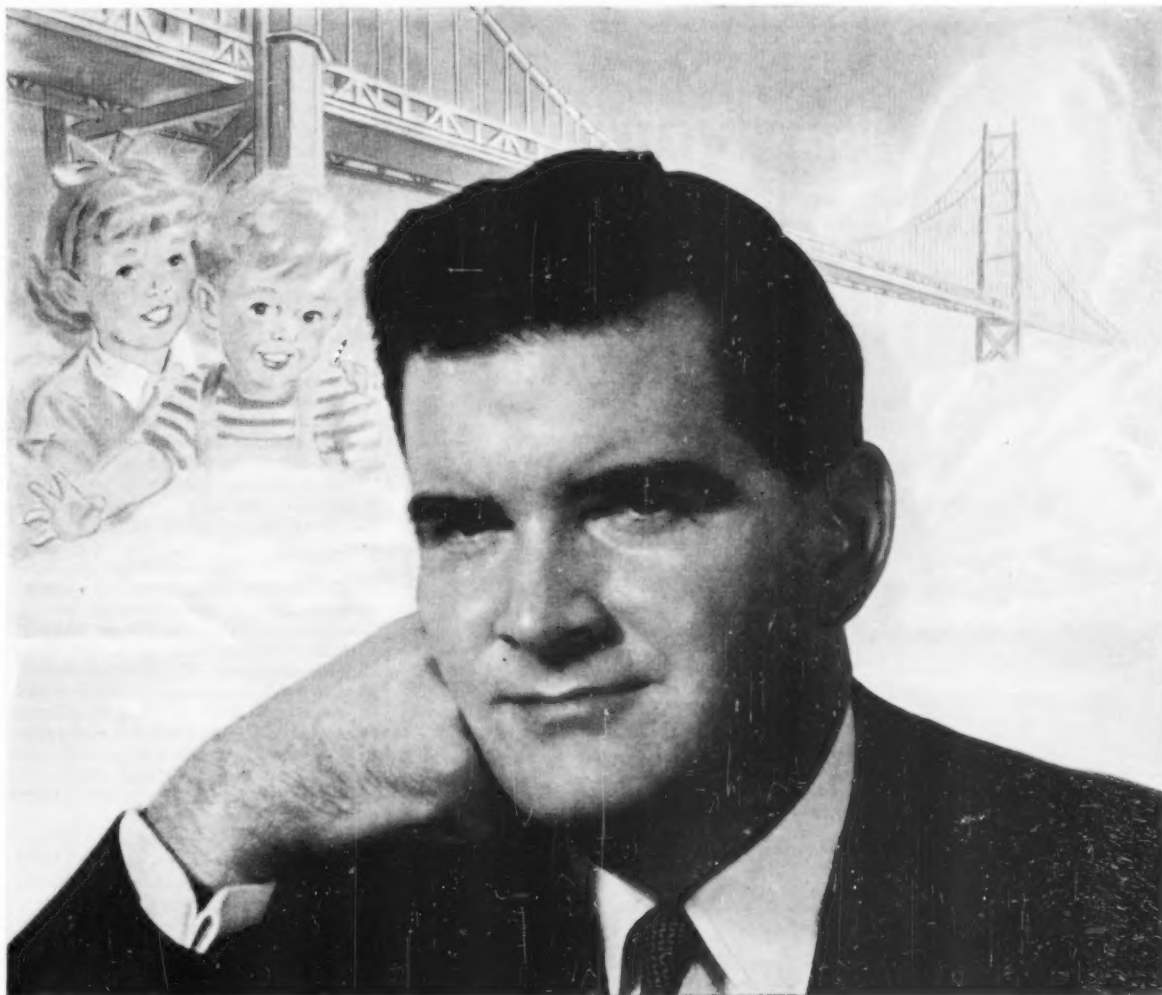
Cassidy was at death's door, he had decided to phone Bea to express his sympathies and see if he could help the family in any way. The call was transferred from the Cassidy home to the bedside telephone. Bea said, "My husband knows that it's you who's calling and he wants to talk with you." The conversation that ensued lasted forty-five minutes. Cassidy's voice was confident and serene. They talked about matters of mutual interest, about their points of agreement and disagreement on social policy. He encouraged Martin in the work he was trying to

do and said, "I was happy to have served on your team. I'm sorry that I'll not be around for the next ten years—they're going to be exciting years." The only time Cassidy referred to his illness was when Martin told him that he had recently discussed a cancer control program with the Premier of Ontario, Leslie Frost. "That's wonderful," Cassidy said. "Your program will make an impact on the disease I'm suffering with."

After a warm but unhistrionic farewell Martin hung up the phone and, motionless, sat thinking in his study

for more than an hour, until he was interrupted by Davidson. Recently Martin said, "I'll remember that voice just as long as I live. For me it will always be the most powerful voice I have ever heard. Harry Cassidy was a greater man than we ever realized."

On Oct. 18 R. E. G. (Dick) Davis, executive director of the Canadian Welfare Council, called on Cassidy. Besides being old friends the two men had a long professional association. Cassidy had served for several terms on the council's board of directors. He had chaired committees on housing



For Their Formative Years—A Bridge

THE responsible father uses his earning power to build a bridge of economic security over which his children pass from infancy to independence. Should he die, earning power stops. His widow and his children must then beat their own difficult path through these years, beset by privations and hardships . . . *unless a replacement income has been provided.*

The Manufacturers Life offers special plans for men whose earning power is still

below peak, but whose responsibilities are high. At very low cost, added to a standard Life Insurance Policy, a guaranteed monthly income can be provided until the children reach independence—leaving regular insurance for the widow's use.

* Typical case. Age 32. Has a boy of 6 and a girl of 5. Wife is 31. He bought a \$10,000 whole life policy with annual premiums of \$163.60. For an additional \$30.80 per year he secures a Family Income Benefit. Should he die, this guarantees \$100 a month until his children are 21 and 20 . . . at which time his widow would receive \$10,000.



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and research; he had presented the council's brief to the Dominion-Provincial Conference on Reconstruction in 1945. As in the case of other visitors, Davis recalls that the fact Cassidy was dying was quickly brushed aside. The dying man directed the discussion during the next two hours. First they talked about the job the council had to do during the uncertain times that lay ahead. Then they talked about their friendship. Finally, they got around to considering the fear caused to people by not knowing what awaits them when life ends.

Davis presented his views, which he felt would be comforting: Death was natural; death was a part of the orderly cycle of existence. He cited the following experience he once had:

"I was once swimming in one of the lakes in the Gatineau Hills. I was trying to go between an island and the mainland, a distance of a mile. My sister and a friend were supposed to paddle beside me in case I needed help. But the wind was against them and, midway in my journey, I looked around and found that there was no one within helping distance. For a few seconds I panicked. Then I realized that the water was trying to buoy me up, not pull me down."

Cassidy listened closely, then commented cryptically, "I go beyond that."

The final parting was a firm handshake. Just before he opened the door to go Davis turned back and said, "The only thing I can say is that as long as I live you will never be completely dead." Cassidy smiled at him as he closed the door.

Letters continued to flood the hospital room. Old friends recalled happier times. A New York scholar wrote, "Do you remember the trip we all once took to Wilmington, North Carolina, in your old model T? The top leaked like a sieve when it rained and Bea put up an umbrella to shield both of you from the rain. At that point, for some unaccountable reason, you were seized by an attack of dignity and kept complaining, 'Please Bea . . . don't be a damn fool!'"

Allon Peebles, a lifelong close friend, cheered the dying man's last days with daily letters full of early reminiscences:

Oct. 16: Do you remember that gay house party at Bolinas Bay in 1924? You and I gave an impromptu performance of the quarrel scene from Julius Caesar . . . you Brutus and I, Cassidy. My dagger was a knife sharpener . . . There's nothing but pleasant things to remember . . .

Oct. 17: Do you remember when you were naming Norah? You said, "If the child should turn out to be a washerwoman what name could be better than plain Irish Norah Cassidy. But if on the other hand she should develop into a writer, Norah Pearce Cassidy would be quite appropriate." Then there was the stag party the night before my wedding in New York at an Italian restaurant where we could get wine. The party was getting along quite merrily at 1 a.m. when there was a loud banging on the door. New York's finest had arrived. The proprietor was terrified and I had visions of spending the next day not in church but in jail. But you talked the cops out of it.

Oct. 24: They were good days, the ones I spent at your farm in Murrayville, B.C. . . . Your mother used to call you to bring the cows in for milking. You would answer out from your sleep then roll over and forget the lowing herd waiting for you on the far side of the lea. Your mother had a wonderful disposition, Harry, and a good brain as well . . .

Cassidy was deeply moved by a message from Dave Friesen, a student leader at the school: "The students would like to do as a group something



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SPEAKER OF THE EVENING



What is he seeing? What does he hope to see,
Sitting there in the mansion of his tree?
The night is hollow and dark, and chillingly late,
And the branch for his feet is grey as a pewter
plate:
Does he mark the pace of the moon, and its
opulent shine
Pouring over the hills like a heatless wine?
Does he brood on the crisscross shadows of
gangling weeds,
Still holding their hoarded treasure of unhulled
seeds?
Is he regarding, through the lanterns of his eyes,
The pathless lanes of the sky where the wild
goose flies?
Or, does he hoot for the fun of hooting . . . then
wait,
An owl in his mansion of branches, sitting up
late?

—Martha Banning Thomas

you feel should be done. I am wondering whether we can make a pledge: That in the field of social work we use our strength and skill to carry out some request of yours . . ."

From Ottawa a stenographer wrote: "I shall never forget your patience with me when I displayed my ignorance and stupidity of the work you were doing. I have never regretted taking your advice and transferring to the job here. I am constantly learning."

It was now Thursday, Oct. 25, and the sands in the hourglass of his life were running low. The doctors could feel with their hands the cancerous growth which was racing through his body. He was visibly losing weight. His voice was weak. The pain was excruciating. There were no veins left to be punctured for tube feeding. It now became advisable to remove the tubes. He would starve to death with the pain relieved by heavy doses of morphine. Cassidy accepted the verdict with the utmost serenity, "I don't mind . . . my desk has been cleared."

How Are The Workmen?

His sense of humor never left him. On the morning the tubes were removed he slowly shaved then asked Bea to comb his hair and adjust the dresser mirror so that he could see what he looked like. She did so, then asked him if he could see. He replied wryly, "I see through a glass darkly . . ." From now on the number of visitors were restricted. "I can stand my own grief," he whispered to Bea, "but not the grief of others."

He asked to see Prof. Hendry again. When Hendry arrived at his bedside the dying man recognized him but could only whisper inaudibly. Hendry squeezed his hand. "It's okay—I know what you're saying." He brightened up later that day and called for his old friend, Lorne Morgan, a professor of political economy at the University of Toronto. "The tubes are out," he told him. "Everything is finished."

Under the influence of the morphine he would drift in and out of comas. Once, semiconscious, he sat up in bed and pointed out the window to the steel structure of a rising new skyscraper not far from the hospital. "Look at that building," he said to Morgan. "I want you to go there and see how the workmen are getting on. Investigate their pay and working conditions. Keep an eye on it." All his life Cassidy

had been deeply concerned about labor conditions. Now, as it were, his subconscious was talking. The years had slipped away and he was back to the time when labor was not protected by contracts which guaranteed them a living wage.

A daily visitor was Dr. Charles Feilding, dean of divinity, Trinity College, University of Toronto. This distinguished scholar was also Cassidy's next-door neighbor in Rosedale. Feilding found in his friend a wholehearted acceptance of death. "It wasn't a surrender," says Feilding. "Just a mature recognition of the natural life cycle." When Cassidy would awake and ask the cleric about the mysteries of death he would reply, "Let's read some of the great ideas on the subject." Once, they read parts of the 139th Psalm:

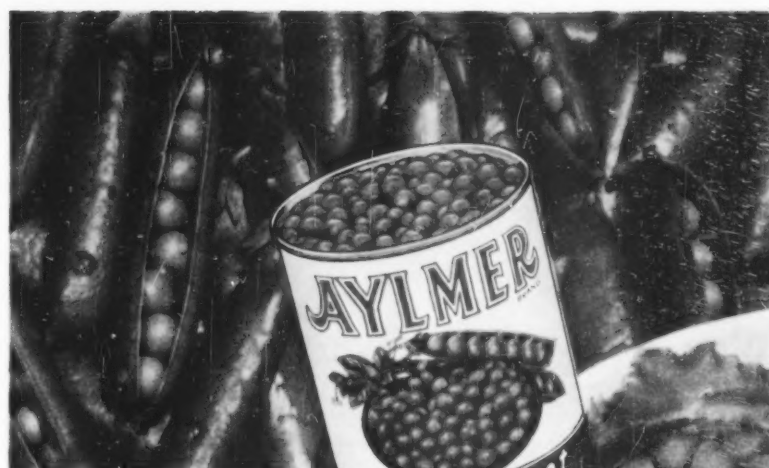
O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off . . . If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

In the periods when Cassidy slumbered under the merciful influence of sedatives Feilding would go to his bedside and give him a blessing.

On the night of Oct. 25 a remarkable thing happened. At 8.15 the dying man bestirred himself from his coma and brightened up. He told his wife that he had one last thing to do and asked her to take some dictation. In a faltering voice he dictated three messages. One was a business memo to Prof. Hendry, his successor. He had remembered some details about the school budget which might complicate Hendry's job and he wanted to help him. His clarification covered an entire typewritten page of facts and figures. He wished that the matter was not so involved. "I am very sorry about the budgeting," he said to Hendry.

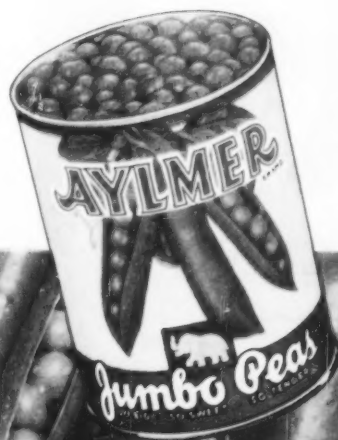
The next message was of a personal nature to Hendry. "The very best of things to you, Chick . . . I have no doubt that you will be able to handle the school affairs and carry on the sort of job I have tried to do better than anyone else . . . I have become tremendously fond of you since you came to Toronto."

Finally, there was a message for his staff:



dew-drop
freshness
brought
right to
your table

Aylmer Peas



PEAS IN TOMATO ASPIC

1 package lemon	1/2 teaspoon salt
jelly powder	Dash of pepper
1 cup boiling water	3/4 to 1 cup
1 cup Aylmer	well-drained
tomato juice	Aylmer Peas

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add tomato juice, salt and pepper. Rinse 6 moulds in cold water. Pour 3 tbsp. jelly mixture into each mould and add 2 or 3 tbsp. peas. Allow to partially set. Add remaining jelly mixture. Place in frig. until firm. Serves 6.

Aylmer Products, Hamilton and Vancouver

Wonder what a car thinks about

What a day! Rain pelting down this morning, parked in the sun all afternoon. And my complexion isn't what it used to be.

Heard the womentalks saying how a trip to the beauty shop freshens 'em up. Wish the boss would get me a beauty treatment, too.

I can feel rust eating into those big scratches on my fender and door. Man! How a DUCO touch-up job would improve my appearance!

COME ON, BOSS! LET'S SEE A DUCO-DULUX REFINISHER, AND START THE FALL WITH A NEW FINISH!

The boss would be amazed to see how a coat of DULUX would smarten me up—make him proud of me again.

... but what I really need is a whole new coat of paint—DULUX for choice. That's what the factory used on me when I was new.

DULUX* is by far the most widely used factory finish among Canada's automobile manufacturers. Like DUCO, it is a product of C-I-L, long leading makers of automotive finishes. Almost overnight, a DUCO-DULUX Refinisher can restore your car's showroom beauty... give it a real factory finish at a cost that's less than a set of tires.

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Signal



for OLD VIENNA



OV-18

The Happily Married Cities

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

You are in my thoughts all the time. I cannot tell you how much affection I feel for the whole group... since I admire and respect you, since I feel you are all my personal friends, I feel... we can get on rapidly... to build the Kingdom of God on earth...

I am going downhill rapidly and I will not see you again... I know our ship will still sail on proudly with flags flying defiantly as they have never flown before... God bless you... May your lives be peaceful, good and happy. Farewell, farewell, farewell.—Harry.

His life was now in its final moments. Most of the time he dozed, relieved from the torment of pain by sedatives. Occasionally he would open his eyes, whisper his wife's name, and weakly put his arm around her waist. On Oct. 29 he looked up at his physician, Jacob Markowitz, as if to say with his eyes, "Dying is not so bad." His wife left him late on the night of Nov. 1 in a deep slumber. Early next morning a phone call informed her that her husband had passed away quietly.

His funeral services, which were held the following day in the Convocation Hall of the University of Toronto, were attended by a large group of professional colleagues, dignitaries and friends. The services were conducted by his Chicago friend, Dr. Arthur Cushman McGiffert, who stayed over in Toronto to speak to Cassidy's students on the theme, A Philosophy for Social Workers. This was Cassidy's idea. During the last few weeks his staff had asked if they could make a gift to him in the form of paying for a continuous shift of attending nurses. He refused saying, "The affection of my staff means too much to me to have it translated into material terms." Instead he suggested they arrange for McGiffert to stay over and address the students. McGiffert delivered a moving and inspiring talk, but it occurred to more than one member in the hushed audience that the deeper values he was discussing were never more eloquently expressed than in the manner in which Cassidy lived and the way in which he died.

After the funeral Hendry made his way to Cassidy's old office. While fumbling in the dark for the light switch his foot touched something. When the light was turned on he found that it was a letter. But it was no ordinary letter. It came from Jimmie Hunter, a blind veteran, who was one of Cassidy's students. He had enclosed ten dollars. He explained that he wanted this money to be used as part of a fund to complete the "unfinished business" that Cassidy was to speak of so frequently in the dying moments of his life—research in the field of social welfare that would ultimately help the ill, the aged, the mentally sick and the delinquent.

Hunter's challenge has been taken up by a group of distinguished scholars and industrialists. The Harry M. Cassidy Memorial Research Fund, University of Toronto, has been formed, and a campaign is now under way to raise funds.

When a man is alive one is blinded by the flickering of his personality, and an appraisal of his stature is often not possible. Now that Harry Cassidy has been still for several months his friends and acquaintances speak of him as a great man. Shortly before his death, one of them sent him a copy of the quatrain:

Hammer me, O life, hammer me,
If I be steel, I shall sing,
If a fire stone, sparks will fly,
If glass, let me be broken.

Tried by the greatest crisis a human being can face, Harry Cassidy revealed the finest, purest steel. ★

"All right, boys, go ahead, I'll give you all the land you need," and Kitchener's industrial career was begun.

Soon people from Germany came to the Mennonite hamlet and Ben Eby called it Berlin to make them feel at home. Dr. John Scott and some Methodists moved in and were looked to for leadership because they knew the laws and the language of the country. By 1852 Berlin had several factories and seven hundred and fifty people.

Waterloo hadn't done quite as well. Abe Erb wanted to keep his land for his children. But he sold his grist mill to Jacob Snider. When another miller made fun of him Jake Snider was roused to install a steam pump. To use up the surplus energy he introduced a still which greatly increased his revenue and gave Waterloo an industry.

In 1854 the enterprising John Hoffman and Isaac Weber persuaded the Mennonite farmer to sell his precious land. It was surveyed and staked off into building lots. The new owners didn't wait for tardy settlers to come and buy; they advertised a picnic. A large wagon drawn by an ox team was loaded with refreshments, both liquid and solid, an auctioneer took his stand in the middle and was moved from lot to lot while a crowd of people followed, eating, drinking and bidding till all the drinks were gone and all the land was sold. Waterloo was then incorporated as a village.

Meanwhile Berlin was busy. The Grand Trunk Railway came through and brought with it some Irish laborers. Factories sprang up like weeds. Wilhelm Kaiser opened a hotel with a grove at the rear where citizens enjoyed their beer on summer evenings and listened to the playing of Berlin's first German Band.

Louis Breithaupt came to Berlin to buy hides; he married and founded a tannery in 1857. His wife kept the family by boarding the tannery workmen so all the profits could be turned back into the business. It paid; they built a large brick house, drove in a carriage and were highly respected. Their sons and their grandsons always held public office: three Louis Breithaupts have been mayors, two have been members of parliament. Fred Breithaupt is now a Kitchener alderman. When the third Louis, the present president of the tannery, was appointed Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, one local woman expressed the opinion of many. "I'm glad they put Louis in," she said, "he's not stuck up, he's not a boozier, and he sure is nice-looking."

In 1859 John Motz and John Rittering established the Berliner Journal, a German newspaper which was splendidly Canadian; the present John Motz publishes the Kitchener - Waterloo Record whose broad tolerance does





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"Just a minute." That's all the time it takes to sprinkle Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl. In a short while, the bowl is disinfected and cleaned thoroughly. Sani-Flush removes the invisible film found in all toilet bowls. Simply follow directions on the familiar yellow can. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Sani-Flush



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for COUGHS

A half teaspoonful of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly will soothe the soreness.

USE only
GENUINE

Corns

Callouses? Bunions? Sore Toes?

HERE'S FASTEST RELIEF EVER!

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. And no faster way of loosening and removing corns, callouses is known to medical science than Dr. Scholl's! Get a box of these soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads today—world's largest selling foot reliefs.

CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

much to mold the imperturbable character of the Twin Cities.

J. M. Schneider lived on a farm near Berlin and worked in a button factory for a dollar a day; to make more money he made sausages which he peddled from door to door in a basket. Now Schneider's products are shipped all over the world, their roasted pigs' tails, spareribs and sour-cream potato salad are served at every local stag party and organizational picnic; Schneider's Orpheus Male Choir is internationally famous. J. M.'s son, Norman, is North Waterloo's member of parliament.

Joseph Seagram came to Waterloo in 1867 and bought a grist mill whose side line was Alte Kornschnapps (Old Rye Whisky).

The first of Waterloo's insurance companies, the Waterloo Mutual Fire and the Mutual Life, were begun in the 1860s by solid local citizens who went to other solid local citizens and said, "If you got a little money you'd like to put in we think we could start a company; we don't promise big returns but if we get into this thing together we might make ourselves a little bit." The North Waterloo Farmer's Mutual Fire, the Economical Mutual Fire of Kitchener and the Dominion Life were begun soon after and in the same way, then the Equitable Life and recently the Canada Health and Accident. The combined companies now engage over a thousand local employees, have three thousand agents all over Canada and assets that affect the economy of the nation. They are still managed by solid local citizens.

In the 1870s Berlin was a town with fourteen churches; blocks of stores were solid on King Street; St. Jerome's College had been founded; Mayor John Hoffman started the Saturday morning market. John King, QC, married the daughter of William Lyon Mackenzie. They called their first child Billy.

Waterloo had thirteen taverns, an Orpheus and Harmony Hall where every other night the members would gather to sing and draw beer from a barrel. But they went home early to mamma and got up to work at five. Every Sunday after church they took their round-cheeked families and picnic baskets filled with *braunschweiger*, pretzels and Pilsener to the park or a grove on Buck's Hill where the singing masters led them in a joyful *saengerfest*.

The two towns grew closer together: the board walk that joined them was a favorite promenade; a horsecar ran back and forth; jointly they built a grammar school; they attended each other's balls and joined one another's societies. Cedar arches decorated the streets, bands and choirs came from far-away cities and thousands of people in costume paraded to the concert hall and picnic grounds in the park where they steeped themselves in Beethoven and Strauss, frankfurters and lager.

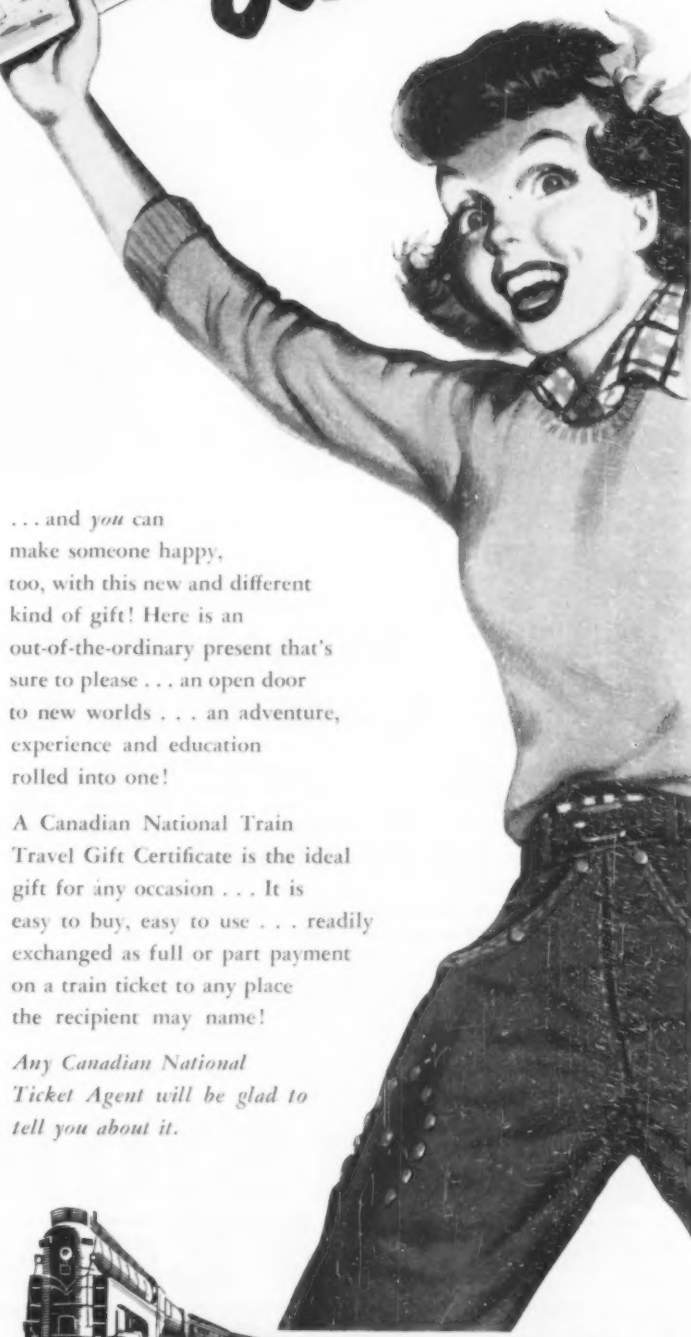
In time cows were no longer allowed to roam the streets of Berlin. Pioneers died and Canadian-born sons carried on. More little one-man shops grew into factories, Mennonites from the country came to work in the towns, more Germans and British moved in: McMahons, Evans and Jacksons married Schnitzlers, Lingelbachs and Ebys; Englishmen ate sauerkraut and Germans learned to play bagpipes; in Berlin's park they erected a statue of Queen Victoria and a bust of Kaiser Wilhelm.

The newcomer who wanted to belong couldn't run up a grocery bill or live in a rented house. Hard-headed citizens applauded the man who built himself a cellar and lived in it until he had saved enough money to add a main floor: that was the kind of stability they believed in. They didn't care much for higher education. Their boys and girls



Happy Girl!—She's Going Places
on a Canadian National

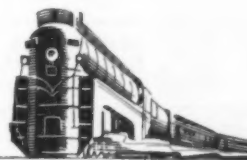
Gift Certificate!



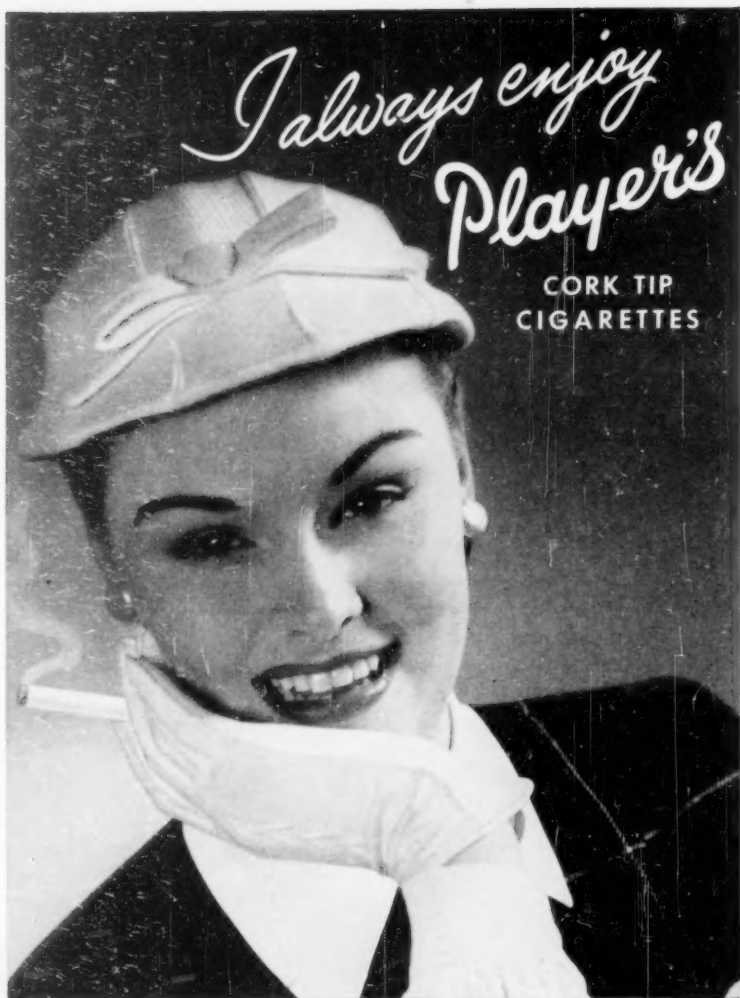
... and you can make someone happy, too, with this new and different kind of gift! Here is an out-of-the-ordinary present that's sure to please... an open door to new worlds... an adventure, experience and education rolled into one!

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Any Canadian National Ticket Agent will be glad to tell you about it.



CANADIAN NATIONAL
THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES



stopped school early, worked in a factory or clerked in a store and gave their earnings to mamma till they married and built their own home.

At a board of trade banquet in 1902 E. W. B. Snider, MPP for North Waterloo, suggested that Berlin, Waterloo and other nearby towns might unite in getting electric power from Niagara Falls. Dan B. Detwiler, of Berlin, was so excited by the idea that he was appointed a committee of one to implement the proposal. On his bicycle and at his own expense he rode from town to town to induce officials and manufacturers to attend a conference in Berlin. As a result, a deputation of fifteen hundred went to Toronto to petition the government to act and the Hon. Adam Beck introduced a bill in the legislature which resulted in the formation of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

On Oct. 11, 1910, Berlin was the first distant municipality to be flooded with light from Niagara. The town celebrated for three days.

Berlin then aspired to triple its population in five years. It went after outside industries, offering to pay their moving expenses, give them free factory sites and the most skilful, conscientious workmen in the country. In a year eight new firms started, fourteen existing ones built large additions, and the Dominion Rubber Company contracted to erect a tire factory that would employ two thousand people.

As the twelfth stroke of Berlin's post-office clock died away at midnight on June 10, 1912, Mayor Schmaltz stepped out on the platform of the town hall, twisted his waxed mustaches and proclaimed that Busy Berlin was a City. Six thousand people in the square cheered themselves hoarse; the band played, church bells rang, giant fire-crackers exploded, rejoicing citizens and bands marched up and down King Street until cockcrow.

The new city prospered: it was called the Furniture Capital of the Nation; MADE IN BERLIN labels went all over Canada on a hundred different products; a city planning committee started preparing for a population of a hundred thousand people.

Then came war with Germany. Dear old Professor Weigand who wore a little shoulder cape lost his job teaching German in the public schools; children paraded with flags and sold tags for the Red Cross; young men enlisted in the 118th Battalion and

were billeted on straw ticks in Rumpel's felt factory; parents went to the churches and prayed that the war would be over before anyone was hurt.

But manufacturers got letters from customers all over the country saying they couldn't sell goods with Made in Berlin labels and their accounts would be withdrawn if the city didn't get rid of the name of the enemy's capital, the Kaiser's evil nest. Canadian newspapers called Berlin pro-German.

The accusation stung. Citizens of pioneer blood were hurt and bewildered: they had been born in Canada, some were of the fourth generation, all their dreaming and their striving were for Busy Berlin and Canada, first, last and always.

Many agreed that Berlin's name would have to be changed if its manufacturers were to stay in business. Others loved the name and stubbornly determined to keep it. They formed a Citizens' League and started a vigorous campaign.

The name-changers formed the British League to oppose them. The two daily newspapers took sides. Mass meetings were held. Friends and neighbors quarreled. Families were divided. Arguments fanned into fricas: the bust of Kaiser Wilhelm was torn from its pedestal and dumped in the lake at the park. Leading citizens were given a cold and undignified dunking. One newspaper office was smashed—but on the same day the enterprising publisher was able to bring out an extra telling all about it.

A plebiscite was drawn up to find out the will of the people: 1,569 voted in favor of changing the name, 1,488 opposed it and as many others stayed home and didn't vote at all.

The new name was selected from among thousands submitted in a contest sponsored by the city. Kitchener was chosen because it was currently in the news, the Irish war lord having recently gone to his death.

On Sept. 1, 1916, Berlin, Ont., Canada, no longer existed.

Kitchener was a different city: no German was preached in its churches; all its people spoke English. "Look once the window out," they'd cry, "the street comes marching down with soldiers." A thousand K-W boys (half of them with German names) crossed the sea to fight against Germany.

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commerce enticed American industries to locate in the Twin Cities. B. F. Goodrich joined Kaufman, Dominion and Merchants' rubber companies to make Kitchener the greatest rubber manufacturer in the Empire. Immigrants from all over Europe gave the community a cosmopolitan air. More Canadians moved in.

Mabel Dunham wrote The Trail of the Conestoga, the story of the Mennonite pioneers that filled all their descendants with pride. Mackenzie King was Canada's premier, Isaiah Bowman, of Waterloo Mennonite stock was president of Johns Hopkins University, Orie Walper invented plaster lath, K-W schools were educating Walter Zinn, now one of America's top five atomic scientists, and Kenneth and Margaret Sturm Millar, who write crime novels.

World War II found the Twin Cities eager to beat the Nazis. When Canada was about to disband her only tank regiment they organized a "buy a tank" drive which was waged with such vigor that within a week they raised twice their objective and presented the Canadian government with enough money to convince it that Canada must have an armored corps.

After the war forty-five hundred K-W men and women came home. They were followed by thousands of immigrants—mostly from Germany—and by other Canadians who wanted a good place to live. On Jan. 1, 1948, Waterloo was proclaimed a city.

Today the Twin Cities are busy and bustling. Europeans are being taught to speak English, Canadian newcomers are learning how to make *schnitz* pie and sour-cream salads. There are picnics, band concerts and centennial celebrations in the parks. Every night there are bingo games and sports, choir and orchestra practice, concerts and amateur plays. There are so many clubs and organizations that almost every citizen is president or treasurer of something. The K-W YMCA has the largest membership in Canada. Fifty-six churches serving twenty-seven denominations, with Roman Catholics and Lutherans leading, make it as hard to find a car-parking space on a Sunday as it is on a weekday.

Nothing but the best is good enough for the Twin Cities. The K-W Hospital with its new nine-story, three-million-dollar building, is so far ahead of the times that Gordon Freisen, its planner, has been invited by Washington, D.C., to build ten hospitals like it for the U. S. A.

Kitchener this year doubled its area by annexing three thousand surrounding acres. The joint population of the Twin Cities has risen from forty-six thousand in '45 to sixty thousand in '52. The planning commission is preparing for another hundred thousand people.

But hard-headed K-W citizens still work in their shirt sleeves and applaud employees who buy a home and save their money. Their wives still fanatically clean their houses, crochet lace doilies and prefer a cooking school to a fashion show. And every Saturday morning and on Wednesday in summer they all crowd into the old red market building behind the City Hall where farm women wearing the bonnets and plain clothes of the various Mennonite sects, and the bearded Amish, who have hooks and eyes on their coats instead of buttons, come—as they have done for eighty years—to sell tiny cobs of pickled corn, apple butter, goose wings that are "extra good for cleaning out the corners," *schuadama* sausage, and black velvet cushion tops with doves and "love" and "Grandmother" worked on them in tufted colored wool. ★

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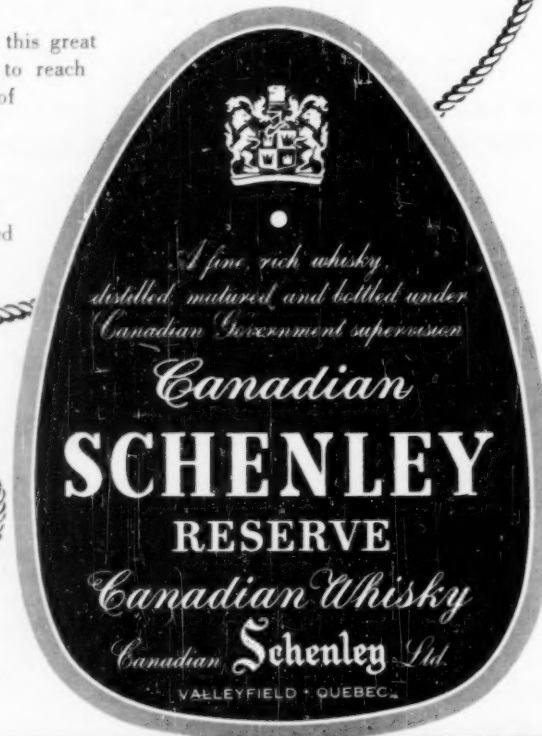
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

Small TV sets have been classified officially as "baggage."

Ever since it was first introduced in 1936 the one-hundred-dollar exemption on goods brought in by returning travelers has been limited to "goods included in the baggage." For rule-of-thumb judgments the National Revenue Department follows the railways' baggage regulations. That's why such things as canoes, perambulators, outboard motors and tents are "baggage" while a console-type radio or television set, though it might be far easier to carry in the trunk of your car, gets no exemption at all.

Because it's such a nuisance to make these fine distinctions Customs officials would be delighted if the rule were amended to allow a flat one-hundred-dollar exemption on any goods brought in. But because Canadian manufacturers are already moaning for more protection on excise-taxable goods there's no hope at all that such an amendment will be made.

Hon. D. C. Abbott, Minister of Finance, prides himself on being the hard-headed businessman type. Dr. W. C. Clark, Deputy Minister of Finance for the past twenty-one years, is a scholar who started life as a professor of economics. Each likes to pull the other's leg. Recently Doug Abbott got a satisfactory rise out of his deputy with this question:

"Clifford, have you heard about the economist six feet tall who was drowned in a pool that averaged five feet deep?"

George Drew has been working very hard at his French, and with some success (occasionally he has been able to depart from his text for a few sentences) but it's still uphill work for Progressive Conservatives in most parts of Quebec.

Recently Drew spoke at a country fair in Stanstead County, down near the Vermont border; the audience was fair-sized but cool, with hardly any applause. Drew was rather disappointed, but ex-MP John Hackett explained it:

"Down here the English-speaking voters are as dour as the Vermont Yankees ten miles away. They just don't do much applauding. Of course," Hackett added, "the French are volatile enough—but they all vote the other way."

Opening of the United Nations Assembly was postponed from mid-September to mid-October because the new buildings weren't quite ready. Canadian delegates think there was another reason, equally strong. Washington isn't anxious for too many UN debates until after the U. S. election. ★

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How to Live Through a Crash

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

windshield or dashboard, or by rear-seat passengers striking the back of the front seat; chest injuries, usually suffered by the driver being thrown against the steering wheel; hip dislocations and pelvis fractures, suffered usually by passengers; elbow injuries caused by the elbow protruding from a window, suffered most commonly by drivers.

Front-seat passengers are in three times as much danger of being killed or injured as the driver or rear-seat passengers. Police call this spot the "death seat" for here three out of four crash fatalities occur. The driver, protected by the wheel, is in the safest spot of all except in occasional high-velocity crashes severe enough to push the steering column back into his chest, when the wheel becomes a deadly hazard. Rear-seat passengers are almost as well off as the driver. When catapulted forward their impact is cushioned by a front seat or by the bodies of persons ahead of them.

But the "death seat" rider has nothing in front of her (seventy percent are girl friends or wives of the driver) but a menacing glass windshield and an instrument panel with sharp corners, ledges and knobs.

Doctors in emergency wards can almost always identify the position that victims occupied in an accident car as soon as they are carried from the ambulance. The typical "death-seat" injury consists of cuts and skull fractures in the forehead area combined with crushing injuries and fractures to the upper third of the face, usually the nose. These injuries result when the forehead first strikes and shatters the windshield and the head is then deflected downward so that the upper face strikes the top of the instrument panel.

Children in the "death seat," or a baby on an adult's lap, are more subject to crash injury because of their lightness and the fact that their feet are not braced on the floor.

Drivers rarely suffer skull fractures. The typical driver injury is a crushed chest, rib fractures and, in severe crashes, lung punctures caused by striking the steering wheel. Frequently combined with these are jaw fractures caused by the top of the wheel.

Recently a Detroit woman was severely hurt while a passenger in a funeral procession car traveling at twenty miles an hour. The driver had merely stopped abruptly to avoid hitting another car. It isn't the speed at which you hit—it's *what* and *how* you hit. Only automobile designers have control over the "what," but you can do plenty to control the "how."

So far we have purchased cars for appearance and performance only. The man buying a car will look for a smart instrument panel, ignoring the fact that the embellishments which give it smartness might also some day shatter his wife's skull. Designers could increase the crash safety of cars by employing plastics in place of glass, collapsible steering columns, instrument panels of soft metal padded with rubber, doors that wouldn't fly open at every buckling of the frame and by the elimination of projecting handles, knobs and ashtrays. But designers have had little incentive to build crash safety into cars because motorists have been taught to regard accidents only as hazards to be prevented, not as hazards which, when unpreventable,

might still be survived. One firm turned out a crash-safe car a few years ago and almost lost its shirt.

So, for a while at least, you will have to protect yourself in cars as they exist today. If you are forced into a crash, you are going to get hurt in spite of all you do. Your concern is to get yourself hurt in such a way that a doctor instead of an undertaker can patch up the damage. Your body, if given half a chance, will survive a beating which all but the crash-injury experts would swear was unsurvivable.

To determine the crash force the

human body will withstand the Cornell crash-injury project investigated falls and would-be suicide leaps which people survived without serious injury.

One man fell fifteen stories without breaking a bone. He landed face downward across the hood and front fenders of a parked car. The force was distributed over most of his body and the sheet metal "shock absorbed" his fall by caving in eight inches. The human body is marvelously engineered to stand terrific deceleration force if that force is not concentrated against a limited area of the body.

By computing the velocities and stopping distances of such falls Hugh de Haven, director of Cornell's crash research, has determined that the human body can slow down from fifty miles an hour to a dead stop in six inches without severely hurting itself. Yet the average automobile crash occurs at a speed well under fifty, and there is a cushioning there normally of one to three feet instead of six inches.

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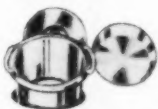


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that will help a lot," Corporal Floyd Haight, of the Ontario Provincial Police, an officer with many years' highway patrol experience, told me, "but there is only one sure way—wear a safety belt."

"It is strange safety belts were not used on cars from the very beginning," says William W. Harper, a consulting physicist of Pasadena, Calif., one of the continent's leading authorities on crash-injury causes and safety belts. "If brakes were considered necessary for cars, why did no one consider it advisable that they also be made available to the occupants? Why stop the car if the occupants can't stop?"

But the automotive trade shies away from safety belts. "Never heard of such an idea," an executive of the Federation of Automobile Dealer Associations of Canada exclaimed. "People would get the idea that automobiles are as dangerous as planes. They'd be afraid to buy cars."

The statistical fact is that the fatality hazard per passengers carried is about twice as great in private cars as in scheduled airliners where the use of safety belts is routine. The air traveler who automatically does up his seat belt on the plane will meet his wife at the airport and drive home in the family car without realizing that he needs that seat belt twice as much on the highway as in the air.

Not only does the safety belt stop the body with the car it also saves a person from being thrown out when an accident rips doors open. Almost as many persons are killed by being thrown out of cars as are killed within the cars themselves, but until designers eliminate this hazard with crash-proof door latches, safety belts can be practically complete protection.

A third protection provided by safety belts is that they hold the driver where he can retain control of the car after collisions. Many minor collisions become major crashes when a driver is thrown from the wheel and his car, out of control, strikes a tree or another vehicle. On this point crash-injury experts have another beef against car design—they say slippery surfaced seat covers have greatly increased this losing-control-by-losing-your-seat hazard.

Most authorities recommend the lap belt, though admitting that another type provides greater protection. The lap belt sacrifices some safety for the sake of added comfort. With the lap

belt, only the hip area is held and there is complete freedom of body movement above and below the hips. In a crash the head and upper body can still pivot forward from the hips and sustain severe head injuries. However, a lap belt prevents the body's weight from following through behind the head, reducing the force of a head blow by about sixty percent. It also contributes greatly to safety by limiting the range of the head.

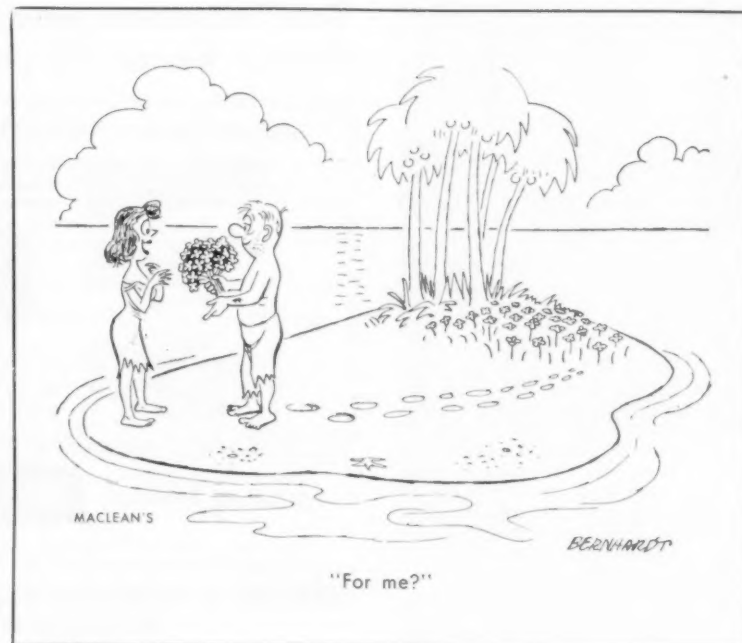
For complete protection, a Sam Browne type shoulder-and-chest strap, as used by fighter pilots, is required in addition to the lap belt. But the shoulder harness restricts movement and its nuisance factor is greater.

Motorists resist change (four-wheel brakes were dubbed a fancy unnecessary gimmick when first introduced) but safety experts predict you will see many more seat belts in future cars. Pilots particularly, hundreds of whom survived wartime crashes because of their safety belts, are asking for them. Many private fliers are having them installed in their cars as well as their planes. Some U. S. insurance companies are said to be considering lower rates for cars equipped with safety belts.

Norm Brioux, a Toronto stunt driver who operates a service station, has had several enquiries for safety belts. He's anxious to clear up some common misconceptions about them. They aren't a nuisance, he says, for they require only about ten seconds to buckle up. They don't leave you trapped helplessly in a wreck, for they can be released with a flip of one finger. And when belts are worn car occupants are much more likely to be conscious after a crash and able to help themselves out. They don't cause internal abdominal injuries except in crashes so severe that they would have been fatal without the belt. They don't encourage recklessness any more than shatter-proof glass did when first introduced. They are not uncomfortable for it isn't necessary to have the belt pulled up tightly—four inches of hip movement gives the best protection. And Brioux swears they contribute so much to a sense of safety and well-being that passengers forget to do any back-seat driving.

Ten to fifteen dollars will install safety belts in the front seat of your car. The belts themselves cost about three dollars each; installation costs

Continued on page 58



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It is time you realized that the rites, rituals and practices of the ancients were not superstitions, but subterfuges to conceal the marvelous workings of natural law from those who would have misused them. Telepathy, projection of thought, the materializing of ideas into helpful realities, are no longer thought by intelligent persons to be impossible practices, but instead, demonstrable sciences, by which a greater life of happiness may be had.

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tors, says of his experiments with thought transference and the powers of mind—"The successes were much too numerous to be merely lucky hits and one can see no way for guessing to have accounted for the results." Have you that open-minded attitude of today which warrants a clear, positive revelation of the facts of mind which intolerance and bigotry have suppressed for years? Advance with the times; learn the truth about your inherited powers.

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beam,
Though I'm sorry to take you to task for it:
Will you please stop giving me pie and
ice cream
In spite of the fact that I ask for it?

—J. E. PARSONS

Continued from page 56

four or five dollars. The belts are hard to find for only shops which cater to race drivers now stock them but, with stock-car racing gaining rapidly in popularity, safety belts are now available somewhere in most Canadian cities. Belts and installation for both front and rear seats cost less than twenty-five dollars. The belts have to be securely anchored to a U-bar which is bolted through the floor behind each seat to the frame underneath the car.

But remember that lap-type belts cannot prevent all injuries, for the head and upper body can still pivot forward in a crash. That's why safety experts recommend that belt wearers, as well as those unprotected by belts, study and practice the stunt-driver techniques of crash protection.

Stunt drivers don't use safety belts for their most dangerous act—the seventy-miles-an-hour head-on crash (each car travels at thirty-five). You can't prepare for a head-on crash the way the stunt drivers do, but you can adopt the principle they employ. Cars to be wrecked in the head-on grand finale crash are first prepared by reversing the back of the driver's seat so that the cushion faces rearwards. Several seconds before impact the driver of each car jumps over onto the floor of the back seat and crouches against the reversed seat cushion. He steers the car with one hand over the back of the seat and controls the gas with the other hand by a wire attached to the throttle. A second before the crash he drops down behind the seat so that the side of his face, shoulder and hip are pressed firmly against the cushion. Even minor injuries or bruises rarely occur.

Back-seat passengers can do much the same thing if they have a second or two of warning. If there is only one back-seat passenger, de Haven of Cornell recommends that he drop to the floor and roll so that he is lying on his side with his back pressed against the front seat. The most important precaution is to have the head firmly against the back of the seat, for even an inch or two of free head movement before it hits can greatly increase the force of the blow.

The driver, whether wearing a seat belt or not, can reduce the crash injury hazard by leaning forward against the wheel and shielding his face and forehead with his forearms in the last second before an impact. For fullest protection the chest should be pressed

so firmly against the wheel that the horn will be blaring. How your head can best be cushioned by the forearms will depend on your height and model of car. A short driver may have to protect his jaw against the upper rim of the steering wheel, while a tall driver may find he has to cushion the top of his head against the upper frame of the windshield. In this position there is no forward swing of the head and with reasonable luck, even without a safety belt, you may manage to break only a couple of ribs and a forearm instead of your skull.

The "death seat" passenger can cushion her head in similar fashion with forearms pressed, one against the windshield and the other on top of the instrument panel.

How much time will you have for this manoeuvre? If you come over the crest of a hill at fifty to be confronted by another car in your lane coming at you at the same speed you will have about three seconds. Stunt drivers say that with practice the head can be cushioned in the forearms against the front of the car in one second.

After brain and chest injuries the next most serious injury hazard of automobile crashes are hip dislocations frequently combined with pelvis fractures. Pelvic injuries by themselves rarely cause death but permanent disabilities often result, and even where there is no permanent dis-

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ALL CANADIAN COAST-TO-COAST

mobility use of the hip is frequently lost for six months.

Hip dislocations and fractures are automobile-age injuries that were rare before high-speed cars. Only recently have doctors discovered the reason for many of them: the common habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other places the upper knee level with the instrument panel. In this dangerously flexed position the knee receives a heavy blow in direct line with the thigh so that its full force is transmitted back to the hip's "ball and socket" joint. As the thigh bone lies almost entirely out of its socket in this position it doesn't take much of a blow to cause a dislocation, usually accompanied by fractures. Thus, in the "death seat," crossed knees at the time of an accident are almost certain to cause hip dislocation. Drivers of accident cars rarely suffer hip injuries because they can't cross their knees.

Stunt driver Brioux had another tip, learned on the stock-car race tracks. "In a rear-end crash your head snaps back and it's easy to dislocate or even fracture your neck," he said. "If you have to stop abruptly and you see in the rear-vision mirror that someone is going to plow into you from behind, slide down so that the back of your head is against the seat cushion."

Every highway patrol officer I talked to sooner or later got around to another point.

"When a driver is suddenly confronted with an unavoidable head-on smash at high speed, so many forget that often they can have a small accident instead of a big one by leaving the road," said Inspector Douglas H. Darby, of the Ontario Provincial Police. "Transport drivers call it 'taking to the dirt.' Police are investigating fatal accidents all the time in which there are skid marks down the pavement for a hundred and fifty feet or more before the cars finally crash. The driver has had three or four seconds to swerve off the highway to his right. Frequently there's nothing there but a shallow ditch, a few small trees and a fence. But he does nothing but jab the brake and stick to the road for dear life."

Head-on collisions are the deadliest of all accidents. Even at the relatively safe speed of thirty miles an hour each two cars hitting head-on have the same force as one car striking a stone wall at sixty. Rolling over in a ditch at thirty miles an hour, smashing through a billboard or through a fence—practically anything except deep ditches and large trees—is a safer gamble than sticking to the road where the impact force will be doubled by the speed of the other car.

But in the subconscious of every driver's mind is a fear of leaving the road. Normally, leaving the road is the ever-present hazard that has to be guarded against. Few drivers realize that occasionally it becomes the lesser of two hazards.

There are spots, such as bridges and embankments, where a driver can't take to the dirt. But large sections of roadside are emergency landing fields where a driver in a tight spot can dodge a big tree and hit a few small ones or even roll over in a farmer's hayfield and greatly increase his and his passengers' odds of surviving.

Police say a tree five or six inches in diameter is not an obstacle that has to be missed at all costs. But hit it squarely. If it catches a front corner of your car it may roll you over, but hit dead-centre it is more likely to snap off and you'll live to hit another tree some other day.

But you won't take to the dirt unless you have planted the idea firmly in your mind and mentally practiced the

manoeuvre many times in advance. In an emergency your conscious mind will not react swiftly enough. Your decision must be at least partially formed in advance. Provincial Constable Jack Daley, of St. Thomas, told me how.

"Every time I see the havoc and injuries of a bad head-on smash I vow that if I ever have to make the choice I'll take to a woods, a plowed field, practically anything to avoid a head-on-er," Daley said. "Years ago I investigated an accident in which a fellow swerved from the road to avoid another car. He hit a telephone pole,

wrecked his car and was cut and badly shaken up, but not really seriously hurt. He was doing fifty; witnesses said the other car was doing seventy. He couldn't possibly have lived if he had stayed on the road. Ever since, as I drive along, I keep an eye on the shoulder and ditch as well as the pavement. Unconsciously I'll be thinking: if I had to take to the dirt here there's two big trees up ahead I'd have to miss, but the others and that fence wouldn't kill me . . . here's a narrow ditch with the far side lower, a car would hurdle it . . . and so on.

If you train yourself to think that way, you will react automatically in an emergency."

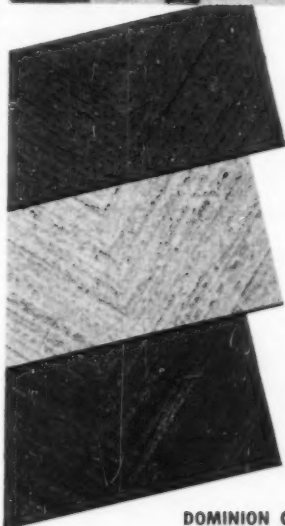
Automobile accidents have killed more than a million persons since that evening fifty-two years ago when a New York man stepped from a street-car into the path of a car and became the automobile's first victim. Yet we still think that in a serious accident we must either die or be saved by a miracle.

"Miracles my eye!" says Norm Brioux, the stunt driver. "You just gotta know how." ★



By-the-yard...and INEXPENSIVE

PARQUETRY-STYLED LINOLEUM TILING



HERE is the new vogue in floor covering—the charming "textured" effect of Handicraft tiles—but now coming in rolls, two yards wide. Previously this effect could be obtained only by laying separate tiles. By-the-yard, it is definitely lower in cost, and quicker to lay. Enough Handicraft Inlaid Jaspé tiling by-the-yard to cover a 9' x 12' floor would cost you approximately \$30 (laying charge extra). And you have eight lovely decorator colours to choose from in this charming hand-woven effect.

The blended colours in "Handicraft" give you wonderful scope for room colour schemes, and form a perfect base for any

decor, modern or period. And "Handicraft" has all the time-tested advantages of other famous Dominion Linoleum products—resilient, easy to clean, beautiful, with colours which go right through to the base. The years will prove it to be your most economical floor covering. See your dealer or write for full-colour illustrated literature.

Patterns illustrated: Above - 7393.
At left: Top - 7391, Centre - 7388, Bottom - 7386



Also
MARBLEUM...JASPÉ LINOLEUM...BATTLESHIP (Plain)

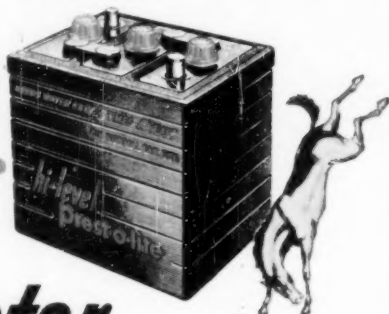
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Ted Kennedy, Captain and centre star of the rugged Toronto Maple Leaf professional hockey team, says, "Buy the Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use ... it lasts longer, too!"

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The Housewives' Crusade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

thumping constitution proclaiming their complete unity. The Canadian Association of Consumers, which was born full grown and already massive with dignity, is unique in a world where female cohesion is largely a myth.

Deputy ministers and vice-presidents of industry braced themselves for a flurry of gimlet-eyed delegations, hot after reform and bristling with misinformation. They waited, and waited, and waited. The girls, advised by the best women lawyers, women economists and women professors in the country, were checking their facts and making certain what the women of the country really wanted. Letters that poured into the Ottawa headquarters at the rate of fifty or sixty a day assured them that housewives wanted: margarine, children's clothes that were sized uniformly, women's clothes that were sized so there wouldn't be so much fussing altering before they would fit, vitaminized bread, weights marked on the outside of soap packages and a government standard of quality on garments that have to sustain hard wear, like work clothes. These were sorted out from the countless nitwit complaints, like the woman whose butcher was rude to her.

While CAC manoeuvred into position to achieve these goals monthly bulletins went out to the members to keep them informed of the progress. At strategic moments members are urged to deluge their members of parliament with sweetly worded requests for action on such matters as reclassifying tea and coffee as foods so the ten percent sales tax could be removed and having the fifteen percent tax taken off stoves. Many a member of parliament, accustomed to dazzling the fair sex with footwork and double talk, has been flabbergasted at the fund of accurate information the girls are collecting on economics and parliamentary procedure.

Bulletins which Mrs. Walton helps to write also contain the results of polls, like the one taken to determine how many women prefer high ovens to low ovens (seventy-five percent to twenty-three percent), which are then passed along to industry. Recent bulletins explained meticulously why the government had put a floor price under pork, and what it meant to the housewife; that orange juice contains the same amount of Vitamin C whether it be fresh, frozen or canned and that vitaminized apple juice is just as healthful (and cheaper) than orange juice; that flaked cereals are a better source of Vitamin B than puffed and cost less per ounce; an explanation of the high price of potatoes; a reminder that eggs are at their best and cheapest in April; a warning against buying summer dresses with paper-backed

belts that won't wash and black buckram stiffener in the collars that will stain; and a report on soaps and detergents, using brand names.

The bulletins also chart the progress of the CAC's cautious crusades, which move at the speed of an aged tortoise. The standardizing of sizes, for example, appears to have another five years to run to deadline. The CAC started by surveying the situation and discovering that the sizes of women's clothes were arranged by each manufacturer in the country independently of any other. Each tycoon, apparently, brandished his shears and cut out a garment. "Aha!" he cried—or so CAC suspects—"this will be my size sixteen. I'll make size fourteen a little smaller here and there and size eighteen a bit bigger."

Sizes of children's clothes are even more insanely erratic. A single child can wear size two underwear, size six snowsuit, size four jersey and size three pants, while his mother dons a uniformly sized strait-jacket. CAC discovered that a research outfit had already drawn up a series of measurements selected after averaging out millions of male and female figures in the United States. These averages, with rare exception, hold true for Canadians. Using these measurements the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps fits close to one hundred percent of servicemen without alteration. The Canadian Women's Army Corps, on the suggestion of CAC, borrowed the female specifications and now fits ninety-five percent of Canadian girls in khaki without moving a button.

A Seal on the Sheets

Dorothy Walton's women sent a delegation to the Senate—the first time women have been permitted to submit briefs to the Senate—and won through to the House where a Canada Standards and True Labelling Act was passed a year ago. This summer the government agency involved agreed to survey the situation and CAC is assuring its members that within five years women's clothes will be standardized and children's will be graded according to their weight and body measurements rather than the vagaries of sizing according to age.

Under this same act the CAC hopes to have a government Canada Standards seal affixed to sheets, measuring cups and spoons, work clothes and children's play clothes to assure a dependable quality. To date the government dreamily has assigned a CS seal only to certain grades of turpentine. CAC grimly informed its membership of the government's dalliance and members of parliament were pelted with feminine indignation.

The "true labelling" section of the act pertains to another CAC ideal: having textile labels reveal all about the content of cloth. This will enable the salesgirl and the buyer to be



MACLEAN'S



MACLEAN'S

"Now, stop me if you've heard this one before..."



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE



**"Start a Fire
Only Once a Year!"**

"My Warm Morning Coal Heater Burns 24 Hours on One Filling"

Wake up in a warm house

Say goodbye to fire-building! Over 1½ million homes now switch to 24-hour-a-day Warm Morning heat. Powerful coal heaters (above) and circulator models heat 3 to 5 rooms in coldest weather.

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turns coal into coke for hotter fire, more heat from fuel. Blue-steel or furniture-styled porcelain-enamel finishes. See them at your dealer's.

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Beautiful porcelain-enamel and baked enamel circulators and radiators with important "extra-heat" Warm Morning features. Models for 1 to 5 rooms. See your Warm Morning dealer!

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Please send me your FREE illustrated folder covering the famous WARM MORNING Heaters. (Indicate)

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certain that a garment will wash or not and will guide cleaners, who nowadays plunge modern blended fabrics into cleaning solutions with their eyes closed, hoping for the best. CAC hopes to do away with such farces as butcher's linen, which contains no linen, and certain "wool" fabrics which are all rayon and a yard wide.

Notable Walton-led victories have been scored with margarine, milk, bread and packaged soap. The girls opposed the federal ban on margarine on constitutional grounds, claiming it violated the British North America Act. The Supreme Court agreed and the Privy Council, to which the government appealed, upheld the Supreme Court. Control of margarine accordingly was handed to the provinces and all but two—Quebec and Prince Edward Island—promptly lifted the ban.

In Manitoba and Ontario CAC has secured a ruling that milk prices cannot be increased without a public hearing by the Milk Board and in Manitoba it was instrumental in getting the price of store-purchased milk two cents cheaper than delivered milk. Next January Canadians should be able to buy brown bread that is truly brown, and not—as in some recent cases—white bread tinged with molasses, and the country's bread will then be permitted to be enriched with synthetic vitamins. CAC pulled off this coup almost single-handed.

Almost simultaneously Mrs. Walton's girls were able to persuade the government to insist on packaged soaps giving the weight of the contents. A CAC investigation had discovered that the country's soap-flake manufacturers were veering somewhat on the quantity of soap in the packages. The small-size package is supposed to contain half the medium one, which in turn is half the quantity in the large, economy size. By tinkering with this scale soap manufacturers achieved a delusion, and the smallest package was really the most economical buy. Weights are being posted on the outside of packages currently and the housewife with a flair for fractions will soon be able to figure this out for herself.


The Million-Dollar Smile

Women who could go through the battering schedule of leading the CAC without developing a facial twitch are rare. Dorothy Walton owes her stamina to a strong and marvellously co-ordinated body that made her, in her early thirties, one of the country's all-time great women athletes. She is the only badminton player to hold the three big titles simultaneously, Canadian, United States and All-English, the latter virtually a world's championship. She was a perennial Canadian badminton champion, occasionally picking up a tennis title too.

At the University of Saskatchewan, where she was universally admired as "the girl with the million-dollar smile" ("richly deserved," commented the year book), she was the first woman to win the oak shield. This shield is awarded infrequently to outstanding athletes who have won eight letters; Dorothy McKenzie had won thirteen in track and field, swimming, baseball, hockey, basketball and tennis. She has won about one hundred and twenty silver cups, trophies, shields, entree dishes, cigarette boxes, spoons and watches since she left school, including the Rose Bowl given each year to the country's outstanding woman athlete. She won this in 1940, when her son was five years old, after she swept the Toronto, Ontario and Dominion badminton championships.

Dorothy Walton is the eldest child

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FOUR DISTINCT ADVANTAGES

- No medical exam required.
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Please send me information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me security at low cost.

My name is _____
(Mr./Mrs./Miss)

I live at _____

_____ Date of Birth _____

Age when Annuity to start _____ Telephone _____

☐ I understand that information given will be held confidential.

of Edmund McKenzie, a prosperous merchant of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. As a child she was all tomboy and as brilliant mentally as she was agile physically. She picked politics as her career and started off at seventeen by helping the local Conservative candidate with his campaign. Her father was, and still is, one of the city's leading Liberals. "I just wanted to get out of a rut," explains Dorothy. "My family had been Liberal for generations."

Dorothy McKenzie cut a memorable swath at university, where she

studied economics, was the only girl on the western champion debating team (which beat teams from Australia and England), won every athletic medal she could lift and was elected to giddy heights by a worshipping student body. On graduation she returned to the university to get her master's degree in economics, quit in midterm to become private secretary to Conservative Saskatchewan cabinet minister Howard McConnell, and wrote and got her degree extramurally. Her thesis was on Canadian immigration.

In Regina she met Bill Walton, a

towering blade from Toronto, on a badminton court and won the city championship during the course of his wooing. They were married in Swift Current and came to Toronto, where he is now assistant general manager of Dunlop Rubber. Dorothy instantly began to work on her Ph.D. degree in economics but was halted by her pregnancy. After her son, John Ross, was born she took up badminton in earnest, and became the greatest woman player the game has ever known.

When the country went to war Dorothy suspended her badminton,

except for exhibition games for servicemen, and turned to war work. At one time she was chairman of the speaker's panel for the Consumer Branch of the WPTB, the War Savings Stamp Committee and the Victory Loan Committee in Toronto, as well as vice-convenor of war services for the IODE and vice-president of the Sports Service League. She became an authority on how to be a good speaker: "Have something to say, say it and shut up."

When CAC was but an embryo Dorothy Walton was one of the three women (the others were Mrs. R. J. Marshall and Mrs. Frank Wright, both of whom preceded Dorothy as CAC president) who sprawled in a hotel bedroom in Ottawa drafting a constitution until four o'clock in the morning. "You know, girls," she said at one point, sipping her black coffee, "this budget is far too ambitious. We'll never get that many members." "Bring it up tomorrow at the meeting," yawned Mrs. Wright.

The next morning, at the meeting of national presidents, Mrs. Walton's warnings were lost in the bedlam of enthusiasm. The presidents knew they represented about two to three million women belonging to national organizations and they forecast a membership well into seven figures. The annual fee was set at fifty cents.

The first year eight thousand women joined CAC. The chagrined executive had to prune four of the paid staff of six and some of the national presidents emptied their purses and gave ten to fifty dollars. For the rest of the deficit CAC went to two wealthy women, one of them Lady Eaton, and got an equal donation from the Canadian Congress of Labor. The membership currently is more than sixteen thousand but CAC can assume it represents many thousands more because the majority of women's groups, economically, have only one of their membership join CAC, receive the bulletin and read it aloud at meetings. Thus a whole club of thirty women can ride along for fifty cents a year.

Not Glamorous, Not Spectacular

Like the Boy Scouts, the Royal Astronomical Society and the Canadian Olympic Association, CAC gets a government grant which is a source of embarrassment to the executive which finds itself pecking away at the hand that feeds it. Ultimately CAC hopes to have enough paid-up members to be free of the government grant and hire a researching staff of its own to test and report on consumer goods.

The CAC campaign for the standardization of sizes is only begun. CAC wants canned goods to be labeled to indicate if they have been packed in a federally inspected plant, and food grading is a morass of Grade A, Red Brand, Fancy Quality and other terms too complex for a weary shopper to unravel. To the disgust of labor organizations the CAC has not plumped for over-all price control, but is working on the forming of a committee to examine and curb price mark-ups which aren't justified by basic costs. The CAC also is using its wiles to persuade manufacturers that housewives don't like lavish advertising campaigns and "free" coupons, which they realize they will have to pay for eventually.

"An intelligent well-informed buying public could be one of the greatest stabilizing influences in our economy," Mrs. Walton tells Canadians. "We're not glamorous or spectacular, but we're doing a job on adult education in economics. We're going to get our dollar's worth." ★

They've got everything!

PLAYS ALL 3 RECORD SPEEDS

POWERFUL TRUE-TONE RADIO

SO MODERATELY PRICED

SHUTS OFF AUTOMATICALLY AFTER LAST RECORD

A REALLY BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE PIECE



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BEAUTIFUL . . . POWERFUL . . . ALL NEW FOR '53

2 OTHER GREAT VALUES



MODEL C-712—In American Walnut, figured African Mahogany, or comb-grained Light Oak hand-rubbed veneers. Matched half-doors. Powerful, ultra-sensitive 7-tube radio receiver. Illuminated slide-rule dial. Plays all three speeds, and a special device stops phonograph after last record. Capacity 10 records. Large record storage space.



MODEL C-711—Large size deluxe cabinet in Walnut, Mahogany and Light Oak. Highly selective 6-tube radio receiver. Illuminated slide-rule dial and built-in Beam-A-Scope antenna. New type record player stops after last record. Plays all three record sizes and all three speeds. Capacity 10 records. Large record storage space.

"Matchless" is the only word to describe the new G-E Radio-Phonographs for '53 . . . matchless in appearance, in performance, in power, in tone. Matchless in the amazing values they offer. When you see them, when you hear them, you'll find it hard to believe they can be priced so moderately.

Model C-710 (shown above) is available in gleaming hand-rubbed Walnut, Mahogany or Light Oak. Plays ten records of standard sizes and shuts off automatically after the last record. Has full 10-inch Alnico 5 Dynapower speaker, built-in Beam-A-Scope antenna, 6 tubes. Continuous tone control, large record storage space . . . truly outstanding value.

Don't wait a day longer

Your nearest G-E Dealer has these three great sets NOW. Don't deny yourself the pleasure of owning a truly modern radio-phonograph one day longer. Your G-E dealer will give you the highest trade-in allowance on your old radio—and arrange easy budget terms if you so desire.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office: Toronto — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

BY PAUL STEINER

Drawings by Feyer

The illustrations depict the following scenes:

- A man being thrown through a window of a building.
- A man in a suit running away from a large sign that reads "POLICE JAIL! UNDCUFFED PRISONERS".
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Montreal police entered a rooming house and found seven radios going full blast, each tuned to a different station. A tenant admitted stealing all.

In Hamilton a man was sentenced for operating a rigged carnival wheel. Extensive tests showed that the wheel was fixed to give patrons only one prize per 100,000,000 spins.

In Halifax police caught up with a fugitive as he was watching a showing of the movie, They Got Me Covered, at a local theatre.

In Barrie, Ont., four men were seized by gendarmes for passing counterfeit bills, despite their plea that they had received them in payment for stolen silver.

A Vancouver man was held on a vagrancy charge after police caught him trying to steal a car by pushing it down the street because he couldn't drive.

In Toronto a former bookkeeper for a florist was convicted of charges that she stole \$3,388 from her former employer and opened a flower shop of her own in competition.

A Winnipeg landlord won his case against a woman tenant when he showed the judge lipstick on his wrist where the woman had bitten him when he called on her to collect the rent.

In Victoria a man received thirty days in jail for emptying a bottle of catsup on a bus driver who failed to stop when he buzzed.

In Calgary a roofer's jail sentence for drunken driving was postponed so he could finish his current job—fixing the roof of the police station.

After their suits were stolen, two Montrealers went to the nearest police station to report the theft. They found the two men ahead of them wearing the suits. Alert police had picked them up a few minutes earlier.

Feyer

Drawings by Fever

After their suits were stolen, two Montrealers went to the nearest police station to report the theft. They found the two men ahead of them wearing the suits. Alert police had picked them up a few minutes earlier.

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*Here's
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value!*

A rugged,
sport-type mac-
casin shoe for infor-
mal wear. Very smart.

The thrift of honest value . . . shoes made
with 'work shoe' ruggedness but suavely
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Your assurance of long wear and solid
comfort when you step out in
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Another
casual style,
this brown 'over-
lay' oxford has
that light-weight look
and feel

WITH THE SAME STURDY
QUALITY AS THE FAMOUS

VALENTINE
WORK BOOTS

GREB SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, KITCHENER, ONTARIO



By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

When hot weather first arrives, we are always ready to get into light weight summer clothes. But how good it feels on the sharp days of October to have a warm top coat to put on.

The question of what top coat to buy seems to concern most of us because stores show both tweeds and smooth gabardines. Which to buy? Either is correct although both have a purpose.

Tweeds in all their wide varieties of weights and colour combinations are in style at the moment. Gabardines are considered to be perennial favorites. So, to be in high style, select tweed. But for all-weather wear, choose gabardine.

Harris tweeds come in heavy and medium weights with a nice rough appearance. Shetlands are soft and comfortable but cashmere is the softest and most luxurious coating of all.

The newest top coat model for both gabardines and tweeds has a loose fitting, full back with either raglan or set-in sleeves. The newest collar is the military type called Bal, flat-set.

Now about accessories. Brown hats are most acceptable for fall. Greys, greens and mixtures, in that order, are good too. More off-the-face brims are being worn. Snaps are still popular. Remember that the brims should be the new narrow ones in both cases.

Shoes are not as heavy as they have been. Neater shapes, with much less fancy effects are more in keeping with the neater and trimmer look in clothes this season.

AN ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED TO BETTER CLOTHES BUYING
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"COOL CONTROL" brewing extracts only the top goodness from Dow quality ingredients by eliminating all adverse temperature variations in the brewing process.

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A sharp flavour... in cheddar cheese
that spreads smoothly!

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Made only by KRAFT



MAILBAG



CHRIST IN THE CLASSROOM

Should Christ Be Allowed In The Classroom? (Aug. 15, Fred Bodsworth) —A very serious issue for us Canadians to analyze.

The present nondenominational school system is the only one broad area left in a democratic country where religious intolerance could be overcome. It is the one place in the community where the child is not yet primarily a Protestant, a Catholic or a Jew, but a free Canadian amongst Canadians. What is needed is not more sectarianism in the public schools, but more religion and guidance in the home and in the churches.—Arnold David Odell, Edmonton.

● Bodsworth places New Brunswick among the four provinces in which religious instruction is excluded from the schools. He must have gotten his information by reading the school laws but, like most things pertaining to religion, theory and practice do not check. In many of the schools religion is taught and in at least one instance written exams in religion are set and the marks obtained used in grading the pupils.—W. H. Birchard, Edmundston, N.B.

● The teacher should conduct prayer in the morning and nothing more. We have plenty of preachers to teach scripture ... Some of them live in mansions and drive expensive cars. Let them do the work they are paid to do.—A. C. Chadney, Marean Lake, Sask.

● I am one who has seen our beloved Canada sold out to the god of materialism so thoroughly that it is time that someone does realize our precarious hold on the higher things of life.

If only the present generation could remember why so many of the pioneers of Canada came to the new land was for liberty to worship God in peace and safety they would not let their children grow up in ignorance of the best things.—Mrs. Effie P. Rollis, Three Hills, Alta.

● The teaching of any one religious doctrine has no place in any educational institution: that is a matter for family choice and Sunday school. I do think, however, that an appreciation, and therefore tolerance, of the diverse religious doctrines could be greatly enhanced by a one or two year course in comparative religion, including a brief study of Protestant and Catholic Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Taoism—how they developed and what they mean to their followers.—Daniel Krupp Bradley, New York City.

● Bodsworth's article points unerringly to the greatest tragedy of our time—the multiplicity of our churches. To the extent that we are divided so are we weakened.—V. C. Bates, Tofield, Alta.

● When the tax money of individuals of many faiths is used to indoctrinate

the students of the public schools with an alien system of faith there is an immediate and serious breach of freedom of conscience, human rights and religious liberty.—D. L. Michael, Oshawa, Ont.

● When less than half the population of the world embraces Christianity, how can a course that covers only Christ, important though He may be, hope to succeed in broadening our outlook and maturing our thinking.—Sam Ajzenstat, Toronto.

● To my mind, half an hour of religious teaching in the school would help stop some of the juvenile crime.—Mrs. Arthur Sussex, London, Ont.

● Why consider such a farce as religion? —D. Martin, Underhill, Man.

Where's Jasper?

Some bear shoot Jasper in mistake



for a man?—Clive N. Lochhead, Perth, Ont.

Jasper ate too many berries, was laid up for a while. But he's back on page 67.

Good Night Ladies

Tut! Tut! We can excuse Maclean's making a slight technical error when describing some art of the scientific world but the matter of the English language, never! In the current issue (Aug. 1) Charlotte Whitton and the other mayors of the same sex are referred to as "lady mayors." But according to the Oxford dictionary "lady" means gentlewoman (now the usual feminine of gentleman) and "woman" means "adult human female." Therefore I feel certain that the correct form one should use when distinguishing such individuals should be "woman mayor."—Rev. E. N. McColl, Poltmore, Que.

The Dutiful Daughters

Regarding the article on the IODE by McKenzie Porter (The Empire's Dutiful Daughters, Aug. 15) I feel that the author was either too charitable or too polite to include all the truth about this collection of "female Einsteins." The number of useless organizations on this continent probably totals more than on all other continents combined and many of these can be classified as worse than useless. The IODE and the DAR tie for first place

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in the latter category. The statement in the article referring to their ceaseless activity is certainly true when applied to their vocal chords or muscles but there has never been the slightest evidence of any cerebral activity. —Frank McManus, Toronto.

● I don't know when I have enjoyed an article more. Like thousands of other people in Canada who do not know a great deal about the "Daughters" I too was of the opinion that they were a snooty bunch. Now I know different. —Edna Jaques, Toronto.

Egad!

Look here, old chap—I'm jolly well upset—it's that photograph on page seven your mag of Aug. 15 (Buck House). Jolly odd—never seen one like it before—smoking—I mean Gloucester smoking whilst the Queen waves to the crowd. It's ghastly—not done, y'know—no ash trays or anything. Could you have Bev. Baxter tip the Duke off next time he pops in to have a chat? —C. E. Arnold, Saskatoon.

● The author constantly speaks of invitations to Buckingham Palace. Things may have changed, which I doubt, but on the two occasions—one to Windsor Castle, the other to Buckingham Palace—I received not an invitation but a command. —P. Hughes-Hallett, Victoria.

Keep Out!

Your editorial, Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted (Aug. 15), certainly hit the nail on the head. I was born in Holland, and also lived in England for some time, and what strikes me most about scenery in Canada is—how so few people can monopolize such a vast territory. Where one finds a nice lake, or a nice river, one also finds a private cottage, the private beach for a few individuals, who "got there first."

The sooner something is done about this plague in Canada, the better, and I think you are most brave to point at this situation so openly. —Rev. K. T. Smith, Valcartier, Que.

● Great! Every mayor and newly appointed members of every city council should have a copy of this editorial to study before taking office. You are doing wonderful work in making us know and love our Canada. —Mrs. Arthur Moisan, Donnelly, Alta.

The Struggle at Laval

A lot of people here say I am prejudiced against the Laval institution because I did not study there and that I am jealous ... (They say) the article is not serious because it says: "the campaign collected eleven millions and another four millions were voted by the provincial government." I find the error was in the English translation. I overlooked it. In my French version, I had said that the four millions of the government were really included in the eleven millions. I am quite mad at myself, because I did not want to make an error they would seize as example to say: "this article is false and does not tell the truth." —Roger Lemelin, Quebec City.

Baxter First

May I respectfully point out to you that the first impression your magazine gives is that the editor suffers from an unwarranted inferiority complex since he places the London Letter before the Ottawa Report. Instead he should

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THEY'RE ACCLAIMED THE WORLD'S FINEST
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To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of *Liberty* said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



QUICKLY SELLS TO FOUR PUBLICATIONS

"I received a cheque from the Wheeler Syndicate, Montreal, for a short story. Also, lately, the *Farmer's Advocate* (London, Ont.), the *Family Herald* (Montreal) accepted articles on women's activities, and I have contributed a number of articles on farming activities in *Algonia* to the *Farmer's Magazine* (Toronto)." —Mrs. Albert E. Caulfield, Hilton Beach, St. Joseph Island, Ont., Canada.

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have enough Canadian pride to place the Ottawa news in first preference. —J. Nelson, Vancouver.

● It is amusing—if not mentally nauseating at times to read the carping criticism of Beverley Baxter's articles. It must be especially amusing to Mr. Baxter. No doubt he is benefited by them. Baxter deserves great credit and renown from his Canadian brethren. To use a homely colloquial phrase, he must be "quite a man." He is almost in a class with Lord Beaverbrook, R. B. Bennett and Bonar Law. —James Pendergast, Kensington, P.E.I.

Streetcars Don't Climb Mountains

As a native Montrealer, I wish to protest the cover on your Aug. 15 edition by Rex Woods. The conductor in the streetcar is not wearing the correct uniform (where did he get that hat?), the view of the city is impossible (no open streetcar climbs the mountain) and your cross section of sight-seers is not good (not enough tourists). When will you people up in Toronto learn to interpret Montreal well enough to present a true picture of that famous old city? —Peter Berry, Montreal.

The uniform and the tourists were correct when Woods painted them. To get the view he used artistic license.

● The cover was very refreshing. However, I wonder if the artist ever had a ride on one of Montreal's observation cars! The ladies' hats certainly do not stay on at the pert angle he has indicated—they just take off like flying saucers. —M. I. Parr, Lachine, Que.

● May I congratulate you on the clever and amusing cover. It is most unusual and a blessed relief from the many covers of so-called glamour girls all too frequently on other magazines. —Dorothy Brock, Montreal.

Assist to Shakespeare

Re Soap Opera, by Georgina Lusse (Aug. 15): I thought it was terrific. Couldn't have said it better myself even with Shakespeare's help. —H. Marjory Gorman, Kilworth, Ont.

Oscar Upside Down

In the August 1 issue, Oscar in his picture cover put the number "26" upside down. Why? —T. J. Peck, Kindersley, Sask.

Oscar says, "It sure is a topsy turvy world."

Beaucoup de Bouquets

I have only had the pleasure of reading two or three copies of *Maclean's* since my arrival in Caracas as assistant trade commissioner, but I was impressed with the undisputable improvement. My copy will be read by other interested parties in the Canadian Consulate. —F. B. Clark, Caracas, Venezuela.

● Have been a subscriber of your famous magazine for years, but have never taken the time to write and express how very much we really appreciate and enjoy your articles. They are really wonderful and in the past ten years can really say there has never been a dud. In all sincerity it is without a doubt the finest magazine on the North American continent. —F. G. Sheperd, Regina.

● I send *Maclean's* to a friend in Australia. She writes:

"*Maclean's* have been well and truly read. I passed them around the neighbors first and then sent them to

a lad in the Air Force. I have just had a letter from him saying they are still circulating around the camp, as all the boys voted them tops. So many thanks to you." —Margaret Milroy, Brockville, Ont.

MPs' Pensions

I remember when MPs received only four thousand dollars a year sessional indemnity. Some of them didn't earn even that I suspect, but probably those didn't get re-elected three times either! I remember when our MP visited our local schoolhouse in a Model T Ford and a Bennett Buggie in summer, and in winter crawled out of a sleigh with half-frozen fingers and toes in spite of blankets and warmed-up stones!

But now, six-thousand-dollar-a-year MPs are voting themselves a pension and to h--- with the oldsters like Agnes Macphail who served three or more sessions and really worked at being representatives of the people. —N. H. Peterson, Edmonton.

Back to the Kitchens!

Concerning: Will Women Ever Run the Country? (Aug. 1) This article has luckily been more or less counterbalanced by the humorous essay in the same edition of *Maclean's*, Bring Lots of Money, Honey! I wonder if it really does make women happy to take over most of the men's privileges. Women



should not forget: the more privileges they ask for (and get, as men have at all times considered any wishes) the more men will lose their own male qualities.

Coming from Europe, I was shocked to find out that most of Canadian (and U. S.) intellectuals have acquired female qualities. Are they ever going to be perfectly loving and protecting husbands in the difficult periods of war and revolutions to come? When do American women intend to go back to their kitchens and stay there? —H. U. Klingenberg, Quebec City.

From Lotusland

I read with interest the eulogy of Vancouver Island, entitled *Revolution in Lotusland*, by Stuart Keate in the July 15 issue of *Maclean's*. Some of his observations were misleading and off-color as regards the description of the mud bay—Fanny Bay, Buckley Bay communities.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Keate should feel he must add spice to his writing by bringing attention to these places by this method.

Our ratio of "bleak unpainted shacks" is about one out of three, the majority of our homes are from four to eight rooms with modern conveniences. The "logger" population with their alleged social highlights being less than one out of three. —Mrs. M. Hallgren, Fanny Bay, B.C.

Disgrace

Re the musicians fired from the Toronto Symphony (Editorial, Aug. 1). I think it is a disgrace to deprive people of their livelihood and interest in life because the U. S. A. does not like them. —Jacob Biely, Vancouver. ★

HELP YOUR POST OFFICE HELP YOU



MR. AND MRS. S. were enjoying their usual disagreements at breakfast. "I never saw a man like you," declared Mrs. S. "You yell for hot coffee and then stick your head in the newspaper . . . There's the postman." She hopped up and presently came back with the mail. "Mostly bills," she reported, "but there's a letter from Eileen. What's this 'Vancouver 14' she's putting on the back of the envelope?"

"It's where she lives," replied Mr. S. "She lives on Cambie Street," retorted his wife.

Mr. S. laid down his newspaper. "Wake up," he said, "14 is her postal zone number."

"What d'you mean, 'Postal Zone Number'?" demanded Mrs. S.

Well, folks, it's like this . . . All large Canadian cities have severe growing pains. For example, in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver there are now about 2½ million people (not counting suburbs) living on 8400 streets. And vast quantities of mail must be delivered to them promptly!

But mail has to be sorted before it can be delivered. And, while your Post Office in large cities can move parcels and letters with travelling belts and other apparatus no one yet has found a satisfactory and economical substitute for sorting mail by hand.

To speed up sortation, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver are now divided into Postal Zones, or districts, each zone being numbered.

How Postal Zoning works

When you include the correct Postal Zone Number on mail addressed to (or in) the cities mentioned, primary post office sorters only have to think of a handful of postal zones instead of those 8400 streets. Naturally, their sorting speeds up. And this in turn means faster delivery of mail to you.

If you live in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver, and don't know YOUR postal zone number, please contact your Post Office, and ask for it. Tell your postal zone number to your friends when you write them. Ask for theirs. It's easy to do this—and it really DOES help you get your mail delivered faster.

ZONE NUMBERS ON BUSINESS MAIL are a big help. Please be sure your business letterhead carries your postal zone number. If you're receiving mail from firms in "zoned" cities without mention of postal zone numbers, ask for them. It will pay off for you in much faster delivery of mail . . . an important way to help your Post Office help you!

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Deputy Postmaster
General



WIT AND WISDOM



AWFUL TRUTH Research shows that sunspots do not affect the behavior of people. Soon we'll be reduced to blaming human nature. *Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard.*

NEW LOOK A little girl is growing up when she starts making faces for the boys instead of at them. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

THE BRUTE Nothing gets a man as many suspicious looks from the neighbors as being around home at 10 a.m., perfectly well and unshaven. *Halifax Mail Star.*

GOLDEN RULE One way to acquire popularity is to say nothing and do so in silence. *Kitchener-Waterloo (Ont.) Record.*

THE WHOLE TROUBLE Many a man in love with a dimple makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl. *Calgary Albertan.*

VAIN EFFORT Next to a doorknob coming off in your hand the emptiest feeling is to continue a conversation with a woman who stopped three stores back to look in the window. *Stratford (Ont.) Beacon-Herald.*

TEEN TIMES They ought to lower the voting age to seventeen because, as we recall, that is the age when one knows everything. *Calgary Herald.*

SUSCEPTIBLE A man is weakest when a pretty girl tells him how strong he is. *Sudbury (Ont.) Star.*

HEAVENS, WHAT NEXT? A Hollywood producer saw a famous movie star dining at an exclusive restaurant with a woman and asked who she was. "That's his wife," he was told. "His wife!" the producer marveled. "Colossal! What a publicity stunt!" *Yorkton Enterprise.*

MIGHTY HUNTER Three explorers lost in the jungle with no food drew lots for their last remaining cartridge. The winner set off but had not gone far before he was faced by two lions. He immediately fled back to the tent, hotly pursued by the beasts. Just as they made their final spring he stepped smartly to one side, allowing them to burst through the tent opening.

Quickly he closed the flaps and shouted: "Start skinning these two while I look around for some more." *Fort William Times Journal.*

BIG JERK A worried woman called the service operator of the telephone company: "My telephone cord is too long, miss. Would you please pull it back at your end?" *Prince George (B.C.) Citizen.*

KNEW BETTER A dear old lady visited a better business bureau to complain about an investment she had made. "It looks pretty bad," said the official. "Why didn't you consult us before investing?"

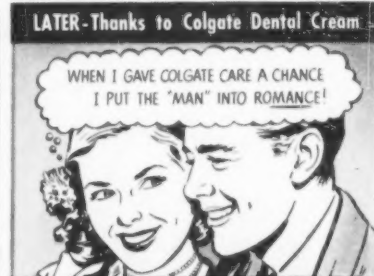
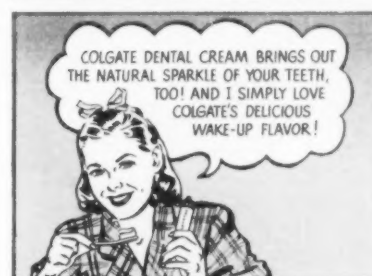
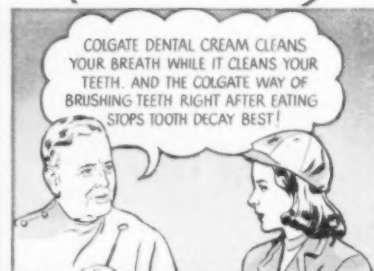
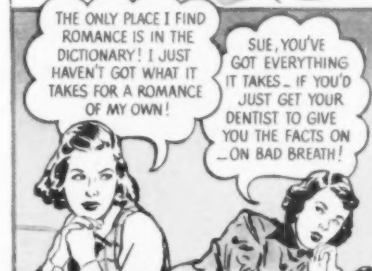
"Well," she confessed, "it sounded so good I was afraid you wouldn't let me buy it." *Moose Jaw Times-Herald.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

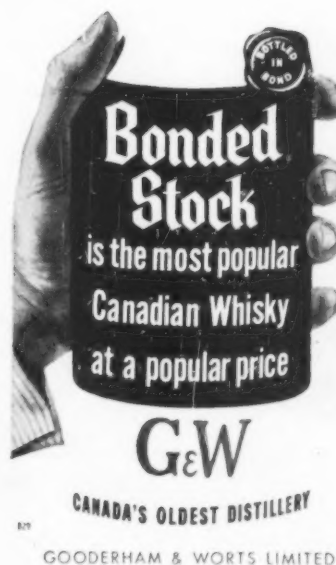


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A CLERK at the railway freight
shed in Edmonton received a
plow marked simply for ship-
ment to Daysland, Alta. When he
asked for the consignee's name the
dealer didn't know—he'd been paid
and told to ship to Daysland.

A few weeks later the Daysland
freight agent reported a man asking
for the plow he'd bought in Edmon-
ton—he didn't remember the store.
Some cross-checking got the details
straight and the plow to the farmer.

When an Ottawa couple moved
into their new home with its beau-
tiful picture window swarms of flies
came in with the furniture. Next day
the wife went about straightening



and unpacking, a fly swatter tucked
under her arm. She was making good
progress till she started to hang pic-
tures in the living room. A fly
alighted on the picture window and
she crept up on it and swung, remem-
bering too late amid splintering glass
that she had the hammer, not the
swatter, in her hand.

Winnipeggers have discovered a
new angle to the numbers game. At
the race track bemused bystanders
watched a man and his wife take out
a deck of cards, shuffle and cut, then
make for the wicket to back the
horse whose number had turned up.

This past summer a brawny Scots
piper, hired to play at the Nova
Scotia-New Brunswick border at
Amherst proved a great attraction
to visitors. He found some of the
latter equally intriguing, especially
two admiring young women who
asked him to play. He proceeded
to tune up the pipes and, finally
ready, took his mouth off the chanter
to ask what tune they wanted. Be-
fore he could say a word the girls
smilingly thanked him, said it had
been lovely and walked away.

*Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current
Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o
Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*

A taxi driver in Nanaimo knows
now that when a girl says she likes
pork chops, she likes pork chops.
When he finally managed a dinner
date with a girl recently arrived from
Europe she made it clear she'd like
some pork chops. After polishing off
the main course of pork chops, the
cabbie was astounded when his com-
panion looked up sweetly as the
waitress took their dessert order and
asked for—pork chops.

A motorist on the Banff-Winder-
mere highway stopped to help four
tourists, a man and three women, get
their car out of a shallow ditch. "I
don't see how you went off at such
a straight part," he remarked.

"Well," confessed the driver, "when
one of the women in back yelled,
'Look at the elk,' I got excited and
turned and the car slipped off. And,"
he added bitterly, "they were only
a herd of cattle."

A crew from the fire department
in a small B. C. village started a
blaze in an abandoned barn to test
some new equipment. An alert
neighbor promptly phoned a warn-
ing to the fire department who sum-
moned the testing party back to
headquarters and dispatched them
to the reported fire. On arrival they
discovered that the fire, which had
burned itself out, was their own.

The weather bureau often gets a
call from the bride-to-be who wants
to know if her wedding day will be
fine. Recently an anxious girl phoned



the Halifax weather office to ask,
"I'm getting married tomorrow—can
you tell me what's going to happen?"

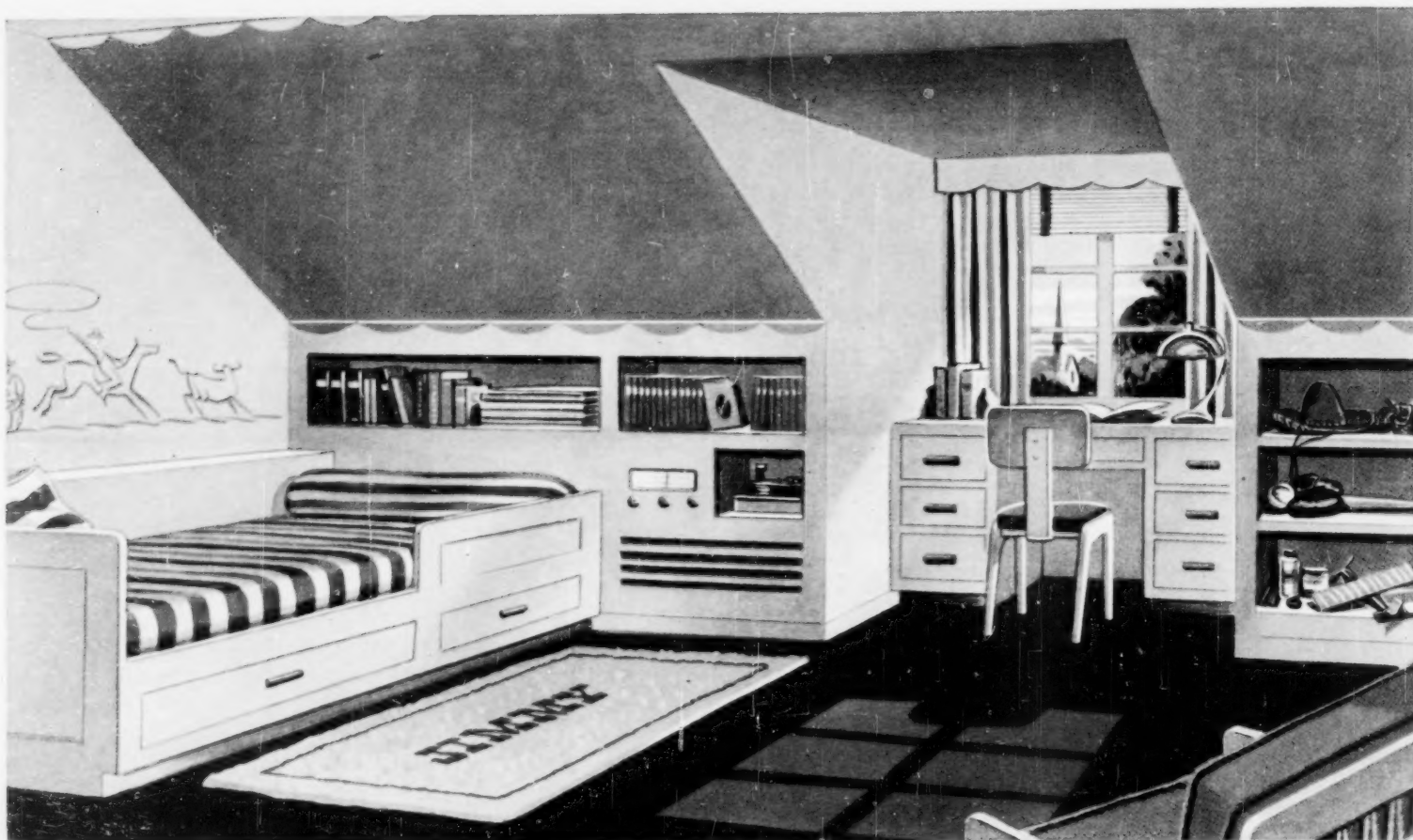
Patrons in a Toronto restaurant
were annoyed by the loud complaints
of a woman who found fault with
each phase of the service. Even after
her husband asked her to be quiet
she insisted on having the last word.
Turning to a neighbor she explained
witheringly, "This is my second
husband."

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